

# THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 16, NO. 30.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, SEPT. 15, 1898.

TERMS-\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

## Ladies' Gloves.

We Carry

## Kid Gloves OF ALL COLORS.

Prices to Fit all Purse.

Large Line to Close at 79c.

Former price 98c and \$1.00.

## A Fully Warranted Glove, Only \$1.25.

Examine the line of Mochas and Chamois Gloves just the thing for fall. See our large line of Silk Gloves and Mitts for immediate use.

C. M. & W. W. FENELON,  
General Merchants,  
Cor. Brown and Davenport Streets.

## The Big Sale —at the— Big Store

Goes on at a Rushing Rate.

## Everything CHEAP.

You Save from 10 to 100 per cent, by buying at this sale.

3 cent Prints, 4 cent Outings,  
3½ cent Cotton,  
\$1.00 Cloaks, \$1.00 Shoes,  
50 cent Slippers

and everything else reduced in price draws the crowd. Come early for we are always busy.

SPAFFORD & COLE.

Lay Sermon.  
Sweet is the pleasure  
It will not spoil;  
One with true toll;  
Those who would taste it,  
Still do thy best;  
But it, not waste it,  
Else the world,  
But is not quite right;  
The busy career,  
But is the fitness  
Of self to its sphere.

John S. Dewart.

The vacation season is over, and we preachers have resumed business at the old stands, and presumably on the old terms. By the old terms I do not mean salary, for that, of course, is with preachers a secondary consideration. But I mean the personal relations existing between pastor and flock, and the spiritual relations which are the essentials of success with both church and pastor.

The vacation is one of the best institutions ever ordained. It should be embodied in a cardinal principle in all church policies, and should be a material part of all business systems. I speak by authority. The first vacation, and one which is a precedent for all mankind, was on the seventh day of creation. By that the principle was established forever, and no one can safely ignore it.

Now let us have a little talk about our vacations. I cannot cross examine my congregation in detail, there are too many of you. But those addressed will please answer promptly and truly, and the rest will make the application according to the dictates of their consciences.

Business man, have you taken a vacation? Have you had the courage and good sense to leave your business for a short time with your subordinates, and turn your back upon sordid care? Have you been out where the sea or the lake freezes slow, or where the earth rests and cools itself in benignant forest shades? Have you given dear, loving mother nature a chance to smooth out those wrinkles that care is tracing on your face, and bring back the strength and vigor which have been so sadly impaired during your long confinement in Mammon's prison? If you have not you have sinned against yourself, and you may be sure the recording Angel has scored a black entry on your record. If you have, then, on your return, have you said to each of your toiling employees "go thou and do likewise?" If not, you have sinned against them, and you will find another entry on the negative side of the ledger.

Student, have you taken a vacation? I think not, from what you said the other day. You gave your religious doubts such an airing, expressed them so forcibly, as to bring yourself fairly within the precincts of agnosticism. Young man, do you know what is the matter with you? Your spiritual nature is underfed. You pamper your intellect at the expense of your heart. Intellectually is all right, but it never can solve religious questions or satisfy spiritual aspirations. Your mother's divine intuitions were better than all your logic. Your material mind can grasp only material things, objects tangible to physical sense. But her pure spirit could pierce the veil of mystery, bring out the hidden truth and make it a joy forever. Young man, give your gigantic intellect a vacation. Go out where old ocean with his thundering breakers is bombarding the rocky shore. Go where the winds are stirring the forest leaves and listen to their multitudinous voices. Stand out on the vast prairie, stretching like a shordess sea, with heaven's canopy over it.

"Studded with stars innumerable bright." Go where the mountains tower in silent grandeur, making man feel how little is his own individuality. You will know then what is the matter with you. You will marvel at the expanse of thought that comes to you. You will ask who gave the ocean billows their force and the giant rocks their solidity? Who taught the sighing winds and rustling leaves to speak their "varied language?" Who formed these immeasurable plains and spread over them the vast covering of the sky? Who reared the everlasting hills

*On a throne of rocks,  
In a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow!*

Ah! the answer will come to you in language stronger than you can frame. If your contemplation is appreciative and your introspection honest you will acknowledge that there is a power above all and beyond all, more potent than evolution and fathomless to human reason; and you will step out upon the broad platform of revealed truth and never again enroll yourself among the Agnostics.

Christian, have you taken a vacation? I have been wondering for a long time what is the matter with you. Somehow things go against the grain. Other people don't appear to be good enough. The church is a little off its base. To your sublimated vision the preacher is inclined to heterodoxy. You have a well defined impression that the Almighty has designated you to set the pace of goodness, and your spirit is grieved and your mind daunted because the rest refuse to follow. Brother, the trouble with you is you have had too much vacation. Religion never needs a rest. It is the embodiment of peace, truth, love, purity, generosity, everything good and in the plan of the universe all these were designed to be perpetually at work. But I fear that you have allowed some of these cardinal virtues to lie dormant in your spirit and to disappear from the record of your daily life. How otherwise could you be uncharitable towards any one? If with mind and heart and hand you had been at work for the Master you could not have soured on your brother because his point of view differed a little from yours. My brother, bring your vacation to a close. Set your religion work. Try the efficacy of a recurrence to first principles. Go to that wonderful Sermon on the Mount and read again that beautiful Golden Rule. Now aren't you sorry you ever let yourself into spiritual inertia? Can you now say "I am better than thou?" Do you think a little difference of opinion on non-essentials should keep Christian souls from working in union? You don't think so any more, because you have thrown off your lethargy, have cleansed your mind from all uncharitableness and have set yourself to work diligently and faithfully.

And so we all come together at the close of our vacations, with minds renewed, bodies strengthened, souls disenthralled, with a determination to work so faithfully and persistently that each day of our lives shall add something to the world's sum of goodness and prosperity. So mote it be.

Candidates Nominated.

For the position of county superintendent of schools.

Nominations for the offices of surveyor and coroner were also made by acclamation, D. H. Vaughn receiving the first nomination and Chas. Deaconer the second.

Owing to outside matters taking up his entire time G. W. Bishop resigned as county chairman and W. B. LaSelle was elected to fill the vacancy.

The convention as a whole was harmonious, and barring the natural feeling of disappointment which invariably characterizes all conventions on the part of many, there was little ill feeling.

That the ticket is strong and invincible from sheriff to coroner is as plain to the majority of the voters of Oneida county as is the fact that Spain is whipped to the American people. That each and every one of the nominees will come out victorious at the election in November is as foregone a conclusion as is the one arrived at and strictly adhered to by men of good judgment, that the republican party is the only party worth mentioning in a loud voice in the United States of America today.

### High School Notes.

The High school boys have organized their football team for this season and practice has begun in earnest. A game with Ironwood has been arranged for two weeks from Saturday.

The Rhinelander High school can boast of the glories it has attained on the Athletic field, but, as yet, it has done nothing to win renown in a literary way. This winter, however, an opportunity will be afforded them in that line, for already debates have been arranged with Antigo and Tomahawk.

It may be of interest to many to know something of the whereabouts of the large class, which was issued forth from the High School last June. Sixteen young people launched out on the sea of life to think and act for themselves, and with what result the following will show: All aspired to a higher education, but this present year only three of the number will be able to pursue it. Miss Edith Brown will study at Lewis Institute, Chicago, while Samuel Higgins and Fred Wedge will enter the University of Wisconsin. Leslie Beers is in business with his father; Miss Maude Ashton operates the new telephone system; Roy Anns may be found busily engaged at Clayton's mill; Miss Muriel Curran will remain at home this winter and continue her music with Mrs. VanVerst; Patrick Lally is a successful telegraph operator at Millston, Wisconsin. The remaining members of the class, Cora Halladay, Elizabeth Markham, Eva Mason, Fanny Walsh, Myrtle Dunham, Ray Marks, Emmett Crowe and Bert Martin decided that school teaching was the only profession, and they may be found in the schools of this vicinity, where they are rapidly developing pedagogical aims.

Roy Anns visited the High School Monday. (His heart is still here.)

The eighth grade and seventh have changed rooms, the eighth grade room being too small to accommodate the large number in that class this year. The class in Physics should do exceptionally good work this year, as apparatus to the amount of three hundred and fifty dollars has been added to the Physical laboratory.

A Master Entertainment.

Mr. Edwin L. Barker will give one of his monologue plays, "The Peaceful Valley," at the Grand Opera house on Wednesday evening, Sept. 21. Mr. Barker comes to Rhinelander with the highest commendations from various parts of the country. Bishop Samuel Falloway, of Chicago, says of his entertainment there: "The entertainments given by Mr. Barker are very interesting. I cordially commend him as master of his profession." The people of our city have a treat in store for them. Tickets on sale at Ashton's. Admission 25 cents. Children 15 cents.

Notice.

The Woman's Club will meet Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 21, at the Court House. Prof. Hyer will address the Club on the subject of "what can be done to better our schools, under the circumstances now existing." A cordial invitation is extended to those outside the Club, as this is a subject in which all are interested. There is important business for the Board of Management and the Club and members are urged to be prompt at 3 o'clock. The lecture will begin at 4 p.m.

### To Locate at Toledo.

On September 1 the old established firm of Geo. N. Fletcher & Sons, at Toledo, Ohio, sold their yard at that point together with fixtures and 5,000,000 feet of dry lumber to the Rib River Lumber Company, of Rhinelander, Wis., of which Mr. D. D. Flanner is president.

It is the intention of the Rib River Lumber Company to remodel their main office to Toledo and at once put in new white pine stock to fill in the assortment of dry stock purchased, in order to make everything complete. The lumber in the yard is from the best Michigan stock of Fletcher & Sons at Alpena, and is nearly all of fast falls receipts, and with the exception of some of the low grades, is well assort. We understand that it is Mr. Flanner's intention to remove his family from Rhinelander and henceforth make his home at Toledo.

The Rib River Lumber Company has an established reputation throughout the country and will be in a position to cater to the trade on the old lines, but with greatly increased facilities. We are glad to note this evidence of Mr. Flanner's enterprise and wish for the new institution and its management the greatest and most unlimited prosperity.

Mr. B. H. Whitney, who has long been associated with Geo. N. Fletcher & Sons in the capacity of manager of their Toledo yard, will be associated with Mr. Flanner in the business of the Rib River Lumber Company. Mr. Whitney is well known among lumbermen of Toledo and many other parts of the country through a long series of years, and we believe that his experience, ability and acquaintanceship will be very valuable to the company.

In this change of location there is no suggestion of an abandonment of the Rib River Lumber Company's operations at Rhinelander. Mr. W. Brown, who is associated with Mr. Flanner in the management of the Rib River Lumber Company, will for the present at least, remain in Rhinelander and handle the company's business at that point. The Rib River Lumber Company does not intend by any means to lose its identity in the Wisconsin trade, but will continue an office at Rhinelander for an intermediate period, carrying full stocks for the benefit of their retail friends in the localities that cannot be so advantageously reached from Toledo.

Mr. W. D. Brown who will have charge of the Rhinelander business, is a son of E. D. Brown, one of the older manufacturers of the Wisconsin river, who died in April last, and is one of the Brown brothers of Rhinelander, who have built up such an enviable reputation in the distribution of lumber from the Wisconsin valley. Like his father before him, W. D. Brown is known to be a very conservative lumberman and the business of the firm heretofore conducted from Rhinelander will assuredly be of equal satisfaction to the customers of the Rib River Lumber Company as before.

The Rib River Lumber Company regards Toledo as an exceptionally favorable point for the advantageous grouping of stock as well as equal advantage obtained in its distribution. The operating facilities afforded the company for the transaction of business are in every way unexcelled. The Rib River Lumber Company, including its president, Mr. Flanner, will be gladly welcomed to the Toledo trade without doubt and The Timberman prophesies that it will assume a prominent position in the lumber distribution of the Maumee district.—The Timberman.

That Mr. Flanner and his estimable wife will leave Rhinelander permanently is not pleasant news to our people, but the change of location had been contemplated for some months, and the advantages offered at Toledo were too many to be overlooked. Mr. Flanner visited many cities of importance as lumber centers, but his sense of the fitness of Toledo as a base of shipment quickly caused him to decide in favor of that city. Mr. and Mrs. Flanner expect to leave Rhinelander the last of this week.

### Look!

The Catholic Ladies will serve six o'clock supper Thursday evening in the Coon and Chafee building, next to W. L. Beers' clothing store. This is the first day of the fall and the supper should be well patronized.

### MEM.

Fried-seed Chicken Ham  
Mashed Potatoes  
Warm Beets Sliced Tomatoes  
Baked Beans and Brown Bread  
Wheat Bread Rye Bread  
Cabbage Salad  
Sherbet Cake  
Coffee Tea  
Supper tickets 25 cents.

### The Heart of Chicago.

The Masonic Temple Roof Garden at night, the World's Fair Court of Honor during a night illumination, the Columbus Fountain, three Chicago fire scenes showing a section of Chicago before, during and after the fire, a monster panoramic view of the South Side at night, and the much heralded approaching engine scene, are a few of the settings employed in the production of Lincoln J. Carter's "Heart of Chicago," which comes to the Grand Opera House, Saturday night, Sept. 17. Seats at Ashton's.

## NEW NORTH.

THE RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

## AN AWFUL CRIME

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, Dies by an Assassin's Hand.

Stiletto Is Plunged Through Her Back on the Quay at Geneva, Switzerland.

The Murderer, Who Is an Italian Anarchist, Is Caught—He Glories in His Deed.

The World Horrified at the Crime—Grief of the Aged Emperor Is Affecting.

Arrangements for the Funeral—A Message of Condolence from President McKinley.

Geneva, Switzerland, Sept. 12.—Elizabeth Amelia Eugenie, empress of Austria and queen of Hungary, was assassinated at two o'clock Saturday afternoon as she was walking from the Hotel Beauvivage, where she had been at luncheon, to the steamboat dock. She intended taking a steamer to the Castle Chillon, at Territet, and was accompanied only by the ladies of her suite. As the empress was passing the Brunswick monument a rough-looking man rushed at her and struck her a blow in the chest, which knocked her to the ground. The ladies with her picked her up and carried her to the boat, while her assailant ran away.



EMPEROR ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA. The captain of the steamer did not wish to leave the dock, as the empress was unconscious, but the ladies in attendance thought the empress had only been rudely knocked down and under their permission he put the steamer under way. The ladies endeavored for some time to bring the empress back to consciousness, when they were horrified to discover a stain of blood on one of her garments. The boat at once returned to the dock. The empress was carried on a litter to the hotel. A physician and the mayor were called and everything possible was done to restore her majesty, but she breathed her last at three o'clock without regaining consciousness.

Stabbed with a File. A more careful examination was now made and it was discovered that the empress had been stabbed to the heart with a stiletto apparently made from a triangular file. After striking his death blow the assassin ran along the Rue Alps, but was caught by two men who handed him over to a gendarme. He proved to be Luigi Laochini, an Italian anarchist from Paris. When arrested he said: "I have struck well. She must be dead. I came to Geneva purposely to assassinate her." The empress had been staying at Montreux, near Geneva. Her majesty was visiting Geneva for pleasure, accompanied only by her suite.

At the police station the prisoner said: "Who am I? I am an anarchist—a starving anarchist."

"Then you hate mankind?" said the commissary.

"No, I hate no hatred for the poor—only for the rich," was the reply.

Taken to court and examined by a magistrate in the presence of the police and three members of the local government, he remained silent, indicating falsely that he knew no French. His name was learned by documents found in his pockets. These showed that he was born in Paris, of Italian parents, in 1873, and served in the Italian army.

The municipal flag on the Hotel de Ville was lowered to half mast, as well as every flag in the city. Many shops were closed. The populace in the streets sought eagerly extra editions of the newspapers and uttered expressions of grief.

Count Knofstein, the Austrian minister, came from Berne on a special train after being greeted with words of the deepest sympathy at the residence of the president. He was accompanied by the deputy prosecutor-general, whose chief was away on a vacation. Count Knofstein took formal charge of the body of the empress in the name of the emperor.

Punishment for the Crime. The murderer cannot, under the laws of Switzerland, suffer anything more severe than a lifetime imprisonment, even for killing an empress. This is assuming that extraordinary measures are not taken by the government, because of international sympathy and international pressure, to visit vengeance on the murderer, regardless of the laws of the country in which the crime was committed. This

question will be decided at an extraordinary federal council to be held in Berne at once.

After the Due de Orleans. The assassin while being interrogated by the magistrate said he came to Geneva with the intention of killing Due de Orleans, but the latter had already left. Laochini followed the duke to Eyan, about 25 miles northeast of Geneva, on the lake, where he was again unsuccessful. He then returned to Geneva and learned from the papers of the presence of the Austrian empress. Friday he clogged

Although at first stunned and then slightly hysterical, he soon regained his self-control, and displayed remarkable calmness. Occasionally, however, completely overpowered by his grief, he moaned piteously, repeatedly sobbing the name of the empress. Addressing Prince Von Liechtenstein, chief marshal of the imperial household, he exclaimed Saturday evening: "It is inconceivable how a man could lift his hand against one who never in her life injured anybody, one who did nothing but good." Then he moaned: "Nothing is spared to me in this world." He managed to sleep several hours Saturday night, and said in the morning he felt comparatively well, disengaging the attempts of his attendants to display solicitude for his health.

Dispatches of condolence are arriving at the palace from all parts of the world, testifying to profound horror and sympathy. Among them are messages from President McKinley, from Emperor William, and from nearly all the European sovereigns. The court will go into mourning for six months.

Sorrow in Buda-Pesth. Buda-Pesth, Hungary, Sept. 12.—The news of the assassination of the queen of Hungary and empress of Austria was received here with consternation. Men and women were seen weeping in the streets. Everywhere mourning lances are displayed.

Alarm for the Emperor. London, Sept. 12.—The story of the assassination of the empress of Austria reached here through the Paris office of a new agency. Grave fears are already expressed regarding the effect which the assassination of the empress may have upon the emperor, whose health has never recovered from the blow of Crown Prince Rudolph's tragic

death.

In the confusion and excitement following the disaster, it is as yet impos-

## HARVEST OF DEATH.

Forty Gallons of Gasoline Explode in a Philadelphia Store.

### HEAVY LOSS OF LIFE IS THE RESULT

Four Dead Bodies Recovered from the Ruins—Many Persons Are Missing—Adjoining Buildings Demolished.

Philadelphia, Sept. 12.—By the explosion of 40 gallons of gasoline in the cellar of a grocery store at 1414 South street Sunday, certainly four and possibly a dozen or more lives were lost.

As an immediate consequence of the explosion the building where it occurred and those adjoining it on either side collapsed and up to ten o'clock, four hours after the occurrence, four bodies had been recovered from the ruins and three of these identified as follows: Samuel Schattenstein, keeper of the grocery store; his 19-year-old son, Abraham; a ten-months-old child named Goldberg. The fourth body was that of a girl about ten years old.

How the explosion occurred is yet unknown. The front of 1414 was immediately blown out and this was followed by the collapse of that structure and Nos. 1412, occupied by Morris Goldberg's furniture store, and 1416, Louis Salloum's shoe store. The west wall of 1414, occupied by L. Wanger's clothing store, was blown out. All the buildings were of brick, three stories in height.

In the confusion and excitement following the disaster, it is as yet impos-

sible to secure anything like an accurate census of the occupants, but it is generally stated that the upper floors were crowded with families, huddled together tenement fashion. Coming as it did at the supper hour, it is feared the loss of life will be heavy. The list of injured will be long. They were taken to all the hospitals within a radius of a mile.

After the recovery of the four bodies, the authorities decided to postpone the search for additional victims until this morning, thus initiating the dangers and delays of working upon the mass of debris and wreckage in the darkness.

The Late Empress.

The empress of Austria was born December 24, 1837. She was a daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, and was married to Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria, April 24, 1854. They had three children: Archduchess Gisela, who is married to Prince Louis of Bavaria; Archduke Rudolph, who married Princess Stephanie of Belgium, and who was (supernumerary) assassinated in 1889; and Archduchess Maria Valerie, who married Archduke Franz Salvator, of Austria-Tuscany. The late empress was an enthusiastic horsewoman.

Masonic Temple Burned.

Columbus, O., Sept. 12.—A dispatch to the State Journal from Washington Court House says the Masonic temple there was destroyed by fire Sunday afternoon. The Springfield (O.) fire department rendered timely assistance. The loss on the building is about \$10,000. Frank L. Stutzon, who had a large department store in the building, lost his entire stock, valued at \$60,000. The losses are covered by insurance.

Large Action Against Anarchists.

London, Sept. 12.—Many of the principal European journals are again urging international action against anarchists. They recall that both the late M. Carnot, president of the French republic, and the late Senor Canovas del Castillo, the Spanish prime minister, were victims of Italian anarchists.

Troops Will Parade in New York.

Washington, Sept. 12.—Gen. Miles, on leaving the white house Saturday, said the president consented to a parade of the Puerto Rican troops in New York next Saturday. It is expected 3,000 of these troops will participate.

Three Lives Lost.

Prescott, Kan., Sept. 12.—The town of Jerome, A. T., has been almost wiped out by fire. Three lives have been lost and immense damage done.

## ALGER AT HOME.

McKinley's Secretary of War Arrives in Detroit, Mich.—He Is Instantly Received.

Detroit, Sept. 12.—A public reception and parade were tendered Secretary Alger by the citizens of Detroit and Michigan generally in this city late Saturday afternoon. The line of march embraced many of the downtown streets, and the parade was witnessed by a vast number of people. Secretary Alger and Gov. Pingree reviewed the parade at the residence of the former, and then they entered a carriage, which took a place in the procession abreast of the citizens' committee. The parade then proceeded to the Light Guard armory. All along the line of march Gen. Alger was enthusiastically greeted by his fellow townspeople. Most of the stores, office buildings and business blocks generally were decorated with American flags and bunting. Gen. Alger was kept busy bowing to the right and left in acknowledging the greetings of a patriotic and appreciative populace.

While the reception accorded to Gen. Alger in the streets was a notable one, the demonstration in the Light Guard armory transcended it. The armory was filled with G. A. R. men, a detachment from company M, Thirty-third Michigan volunteers, lately returned from Cuba, representatives of various other military organizations and private citizens. The gallery was filled with women. Congratulatory speeches were delivered by Gov. Pingree and others. All of the speakers declared that Gen. Alger's conduct of the war department was deserving of the greatest credit, not only from the people of Michigan, but all over the United States, and they denounced the general's malcontents. Gen. Alger, amid tremendous applause and cheering, delivered an eloquent address, in which he defended the work done by the war department during the late war with Spain, paid a high compliment to Gov. Pingree and eulogized the volunteer soldier.

## ROBBED OF \$10,000 CASH.

Mrs. Eli Potter, a Woman Suffragist of Kansas City, Kan., Lores Her Money to Highwaymen.

Kansas City, Kan., Sept. 12.—Mrs. Eli Potter, a prominent woman suffragist, was robbed of \$10,000 by highwaymen in the north outskirts of the city Saturday night. A few months ago the Potters' handsome residence was destroyed by fire and they received \$10,000 insurance money. Mrs. Potter, who does not trust in banks, sewed the money into the linings of her dress. It was in \$50 and \$1,000 bills. Mrs. Potter was driving in the outskirts of town Saturday night, carrying this small fortune, when a man stepped out from the roadside and seized her horse. Another man dealt her a stunning blow on the head. When the recovered consciousness the found a sack drawn over her head and the highwaymen were tearing and cutting her skirts. They did not stop in their search until the whole amount of the treasure had been secured.

When the Potters reported the robbery to the police Mrs. Potter stated that she believed the robbers were negroes.

## TRAGEDY IN MICHIGAN.

A Farmer Murders His Wife and Fatally Stabs His Sister Near Grand Rapids.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 12.—Jesse Badgerow, a farmer living seven miles southeast of here, on Saturday killed his wife and fatally stabbed his sister, Miss Aylesworth, after which he fled. Mrs. Badgerow went to visit her father, John Aylesworth, five miles north, about a week ago. Badgerow wanted her to return, but she refused. Saturday she came back with her two-year-old son, accompanied by her sister, aged 17 years. Badgerow met them at the gate and after a few angry words drew a knife, killed his wife, fatally stabbed her sister and then took to the woods. He has not yet been captured. Badgerow is 32 years of age and was jealous of his wife.

## TRUSTEE TO BE REWARDED.

Washington, Sept. 12.—The war department has issued an order directing the commanding officers of military departments, army corps and detached commands to tend to the adjutant general as soon as practicable the names of such officers, both in the regular and volunteer service, as may be considered entitled to brevet commissions for "distinguished conduct and public service in the presence of the enemy."

## Favor Annexation.

Havana, Sept. 12.—The newspapers of Havana have finally admitted that annexation is the probable consequence of the war. La Lucha, the most rabid of the pro-Spanish sheets, printed an editorial Saturday, in which the people were urged to accept the new conditions and prepare for American government. The declaration of independence and constitution of the United States, printed in Spanish, find an extensive sale.

## Roosevelt Will Run.

New York, Sept. 12.—Col. Theodore Roosevelt has authorized the announcement that he will accept the nomination for governor of New York should it be tendered to him by the convention of the party to be held at Saratoga.

## A State for Forty-Three Years.

San Jose, Cal., Sept. 12.—The forty-third anniversary of the admission of California into the union has just been celebrated here. Thousands of people from all parts of the state participated in the festivities.

# IS READY FOR WORK.

Cuban Evacuation Commissioners Reach Havana.

# PREPARED TO PROCEED TO BUSINESS

They Land in the Cuban Capital and Are Accorded a Brief Interview by Capt. Gen. Blanco.

Havana, Sept. 12.—The United States transport Resolute, having the United States Cuban evacuation commission on board, entered the port shortly after seven o'clock Saturday morning. Immediately after the arrival of the Resolute, which reached here flying white bunting forward and an admiral's ensign from her mainmast, she was visited by the commander of the French gunboat Fulton. Shortly afterward a government launch ran alongside the Resolute. She had on board Dr. Congosto, the secretary general of the government; Gen. Solano, the chief of staff, representing Capt. Gen. Blanco, and Maj. Garcia Benitez, of the general staff. Their visit lasted fully an hour. At the expiration of the hour's conference with the United States commissioners an officer of the Spanish warship Alfonso XII, paid his respects to Rear Admiral Sampson. This interview was of a very formal nature. Gen. Solano, acting for Capt. Gen. Blanco, placed the latter's private carriage at the disposal of the commissioners.

At 9:15 o'clock the American commissioners, accompanied by the Spanish officers representing Capt. Gen. Blanco, landed at La Machina wharf and arrived at the palace at 9:40, where the captain general's bodyguard presented arms as they appeared. Capt. Gen. Blanco, dressed in full uniform, received the commissioners in the reception room, where, after the formal presentations had taken place and the official courtesies had been exchanged, they sat down and conferred for about 20 minutes. The United States commissioners left the palace shortly after ten o'clock, accompanied by Gen. Solano and Dr. Congosto.

Saturday morning the entire archies were carted from the military governor's palace to the wharf, where they were delivered to lighters for shipment to the mail steamer Ciudad de Cadiz, that sails for Spain soon. Similar preparations are being made for early departure in every branch of the government.

## TO INVESTIGATE.

President Names a Commission to Probe Into the Conduct of the War—Schofield Heads the List.

Washington, Sept. 12.—The president has urged the following named gentlemen among others to accept place on the committee requested by Secretary Alger to investigate the conduct of the war:

Lieut. Gen. John M. Schofield.  
Gen. John E. Gordon.  
Gen. Greenville M. Dodge.  
President D. C. Gilman.  
Gen. Charles F. Manderson.  
Hon. Robert T. Lincoln.  
Daniel S. Lamont.  
Dr. W. W. Keen.  
Col. James A. Sexton.

The message which President McKinley addressed to each of these follows:

"Will you render the country a great service by accepting my appointment as a member of the committee to examine into the conduct of the commissary, quartermaster and medical bureaus of the war department during the war and into the extent, cause and treatment of sickness in the field and in the camps?"

"It is my desire that the full and exact truth shall be ascertained and made known. I cannot too strongly impress upon you my earnest wish that this committee shall be of such high character as will command the complete confidence of the country, and I trust you will consent to serve."

(Signed) "WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 12.—Gen. John R. Gordon has declined to serve on the commission requested by Secretary Alger to investigate the conduct of the Spanish-American war, giving as a reason his unsatisfactory health.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 12.—Secretary Alger Sunday afternoon expressed himself as well pleased at the president's selections of members of a committee to investigate the conduct of the commissary, quartermaster and medical departments of the war department during the war.

## Title on a Ticket.

Colorado Springs, Colo., Sept. 12.—Faction between the democrats, populists and the Teller branch of the silver republicans is an accomplished fact. After a struggle lasting 26 hours between the conference committees of the three parties an agreement was reached Saturday forenoon by which the offices were apportioned between the parties. The democrats were given the governor and one regent of the state university; the silver republicans the auditor, treasurer, superintendent of public instruction and one regent, and the populists the remainder of the offices.

## Business Block Burned.

Red Bluff, Cal., Sept. 12.—Fire broke out early Sunday morning on Main street and before it was extinguished destroyed an entire block of the finest buildings in the town. The loss to property owners will be more than \$100,000, of which the insurance is barely half that sum. The origin of the fire is unknown.

## Perry's Victory Celebrated.

Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 12.—The anniversary of the victory of Commodore Oliver H. Perry, wherein he wiped out the British fleet on the great lakes during the war of 1812, was celebrated Saturday at the Perry monument in Wade park. The monument and statue were decorated with flags and flowers.

## IS CROWNED QUEEN.

Wilhelmina of Holland Is Placed Upon the Throne—A Scene of Gorgeously Splendor.

Amsterdam, Sept. 7.—The events of Monday were but the overture for far more important ceremonies Tuesday, upon the occasion of the long-awaited enthronement of Queen Wilhelmina, who came of age on August 31. The day began with a salute of 101 guns and a majestic chorale performed by trumpeters from the crenellated towers of the great churches of Amsterdam.

Almost immediately afterward the queen mother appeared in a state



QUEEN WILHELMINA.

coach which was surmounted by a gilt royal crown upon a crimson cushion. She received an ovation and was greeted with endless cheering and cries of "Long live the queen mother!"

About ten minutes later, the beating of drums and the blare of trumpets signaled the fact that Queen Wilhelmina had left the palace, and at that very moment the sun burst from the clouds in brilliancy, which was looked upon as being a happy augury for the young sovereign.

The procession was headed by the Kings-of-arms, with the heralds in their gorgeous antique costumes and bearing long trumpets adorned with pendant flags. But all the splendor of the royal retinue was overlooked by the vast crowds of people, whose eyes were turned upon the central figure of this imposing function—the young queen, on foot amidst the people, decked with all the emblems of royalty. At her head was a diadem of diamonds, crown shaped. Her robe was of white silk, with a long train under a mantle of rich, red velvet, on which the lions of Nassau were displayed in gold embroidery. The mantle was bordered with ermine.

As the procession of the queen mother entered the church the assembly arose and remained standing.

Suddenly the king of arms, from the portal of the church, heralded the arrival of Queen Wilhelmina, who entered the building escorted by a train of generals, each bearing an emblazoned banner.

The queen, looking very well in her robes of state, bowed from side to side as she passed on to the throne, and, reacting it, she turned and again bowed and took her seat. A moment later her majesty arose and, in a clear and perfectly calm voice, delivered her address.

The first public utterance of the queen to her people was listened to with profound emotion. Her enunciation was so perfect that her clear voice penetrated to the farthest recesses of the church.

After the address, the queen sat for a few moments and then again arose and recited, in the same clear tones, the usual oath to uphold the constitution, defend the independence of the country, protect the liberty of her subjects, using therefore all legal means, "as a good king should."

Then the heralds proclaimed her majesty's investiture, and soon afterwards the queen left the church, her mother following her, and returned to the palace. As the queen and the queen mother passed on their way to the palace there were renewed acclamations from the people, and when their majesties entered the palace four heralds stepped out on the balcony. Their appearance stilled the outburst into a dead silence, which was broken by a silvery trumpet peal, followed by the voice of the senior herald, announcing that Queen Wilhelmina had been invested queen of the Netherlands.

While the saluting guns, which greeted the proclamation, were still booming, the young queen, wearing the regalia, appeared, and was welcomed by a mighty roar of delight. She made a beautiful, historic picture. When her mother followed, the two stood hand in hand, bowing to the upturned faces of their hosts of subjects.

President Woodruff's Funeral.

Salt Lake City, Sept. 9.—The funeral of President Woodruff, of the Mormon church, took place Thursday in the tabernacle. President George Q. Cannon presided. Joseph F. Smith spoke and was followed by a number of high officials of the church. Thousands were unable to get inside the tabernacle and remained in the yard and adjoining streets. The procession to the cemetery included national guard, city, county and state officials and educational and church societies of the city. There were six pall bearers, all grandsons of the deceased.

Dewey on the Situation.

Manila, Sept. 10.—Admiral Dewey considers the situation critical. Aguinaldo's exasperating conduct calls for the most careful management of affairs by the American commanders. The relations between the Americans and insurgents must soon grow better or serious results are likely to follow.

Gold Reserve Increased.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 7.—The net gold reserve in the treasury showed another large increase Tuesday, due presumably to the payments for the new war bonds. The reserve is \$223,332,537, an increase of nearly \$3,000,000 since Saturday.

## G. A. R. CONVENTION.

Veterans Hold Their Annual Encampment at Cincinnati—Officers Elected—The Closing Session.

Cincinnati, Sept. 8.—The thirty-second annual encampment of the G. A. R. is a success so far as attendance is concerned, even for these national events which are phenomenal for crowds.

The features of the day were the regimental, brigade and other reunions, at which the old comrades got closer together than on any other occasions. There were demonstrations on the arrival of several department commanders and of governors and their staffs. The citizens also tendered receptions to Commander-in-Chief Giblin, Rear-Admiral Kelley, Mrs. S. J. Martin, president of the W. R. C.; Mrs. Flora M. Dasey, president of the Ladies of the G. A. R.; Mrs. Jennie Laird, president of the National Association of the Ladies of the Naval Veterans, and others.

The parade of Tuesday was under the command of Grand Marshal M. L. Hawkins, with Lieut. Col. George M. Finch as chief of staff. The first division was composed of union naval veterans, the National Association of ex-Prisoners of War, the Union Veteran Legion, Sons of Veterans, regimental organizations and survivors of the Lopez expedition to free Cuba. It was commanded by Gen. Fred W. Moore. Following this came the second division, commanded by Maj. Joseph L. Gaul, and consisting of the Eighth regiment of United States volunteer infantry, and local companies of cadets and boys' brigades, mostly bearing arms. The parade required an hour or more to pass a given point, and was everywhere watched by crowds of deeply interested spectators.

Cincinnati, Sept. 8.—The great annual pageant of the grand army was the event Wednesday. The veterans began assembling early for the parade and were too tired for meetings or anything else after the ranks were broken shortly after four o'clock. The parade occurred under the brightest blue sky and with everything in its favor it surpassed all expectations.

Cincinnati, Sept. 9.—Illinois and Pennsylvania celebrated their victories at their respective headquarters Thursday night. The one has secured the commander in chief, Col. James A. Sexton, of Chicago, and the other the location of the thirty-third annual encampment of the G. A. R. at Philadelphia next year.

At the afternoon session, after various matters of business had been disposed of, and a report from the committee on pensions had been heard, the convention proceeded to the selection of a place for the next annual encampment. The contesting cities were Philadelphia and Denver. A vote resulted in the choice of the former city—295 to 293.

A motion was then made to go into the election of commander in chief. The roll of states was called and the vote was announced, showing the election of James A. Sexton, of Illinois, who received 221 votes, while Albert D. Shaw, of New York, received 211 votes. Comrade Shaw in a well-worded speech moved the unanimous election of Sexton and the motion was carried. Sexton being called, returned his thanks in very brief form and the encampment immediately adjourned.

The first public utterance of the queen to her people was listened to with profound emotion. Her enunciation was so perfect that her clear voice penetrated to the farthest recesses of the church.

After the address, the queen sat for a few moments and then again arose and recited, in the same clear tones, the usual oath to uphold the constitution, defend the independence of the country, protect the liberty of her subjects, using therefore all legal means, "as a good king should."

Then the heralds proclaimed her majesty's investiture, and soon afterwards the queen left the church, her mother following her, and returned to the palace. As the queen and the queen mother passed on their way to the palace there were renewed acclamations from the people, and when their majesties entered the palace four heralds stepped out on the balcony. Their appearance stilled the outburst into a dead silence, which was broken by a silvery trumpet peal, followed by the voice of the senior herald, announcing that Queen Wilhelmina had been invested queen of the Netherlands.

While the saluting guns, which greeted the proclamation, were still booming, the young queen, wearing the regalia, appeared, and was welcomed by a mighty roar of delight. She made a beautiful, historic picture. When her mother followed, the two stood hand in hand, bowing to the upturned faces of their hosts of subjects.

President Woodruff's Funeral.

Salt Lake City, Sept. 9.—The funeral of President Woodruff, of the Mormon church, took place Thursday in the tabernacle. President George Q. Cannon presided. Joseph F. Smith spoke and was followed by a number of high officials of the church. Thousands were unable to get inside the tabernacle and remained in the yard and adjoining streets. The procession to the cemetery included national guard, city, county and state officials and educational and church societies of the city. There were six pall bearers, all grandsons of the deceased.

Dewey on the Situation.

Manila, Sept. 10.—Admiral Dewey considers the situation critical. Aguinaldo's exasperating conduct calls for the most careful management of affairs by the American commanders. The relations between the Americans and insurgents must soon grow better or serious results are likely to follow.

Gold Reserve Increased.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 7.—The net gold reserve in the treasury showed another large increase Tuesday, due presumably to the payments for the new war bonds. The reserve is \$223,332,537, an increase of nearly \$3,000,000 since Saturday.

## WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

The Social Democracy.

The social democracy of Wisconsin nominated the following ticket at their convention in Milwaukee, Wisconsin is the first state in which the social democracy has effected an organization.

For governor, Howard Tuttle; for lieutenant governor, E. P. Hascall; for secretary of state, C. T. P. Myers; for treasurer, August Mohr; for attorney general, Richard Fisher; for insurance commissioner, Charles Richter; for superintendent of instruction, H. O. Stoll.

Died in a Camp Wagon.

James Lee Redwine, aged 11 years, died in a camp wagon near Janesville from exposure resulting from malaria. The deceased was traveling overland with his parents and five other children from Winston, N. C., to their former home in Neillsville. Last fall they went to North Carolina to engage in farming, but concluded this spring to return to Wisconsin. They left ten weeks ago on their journey.

Murdered and Cremated.

Alfonso Sandon was found burned to death in his home in Oshkosh. The authorities have evidence to prove that he was murdered for \$100 which he had in the house and that the murderer buried the house to hide the crime. Joseph Cranfield, a tenant of Sandon, drove the deceased home late at night and was the last person to see him alive. Sandon had made a will in favor of Cranfield's wife.

Green Goods Man.

James H. Morrison, who hails from South Chicago, was in jail in Fond du Lac awaiting examination on the charge of having swindled Uriah Stroup out of \$1,000. He was arrested at Montello and had three "grips" containing \$7,000 in bad money and a quantity of bonds and mortgage blanks, diamonds, jewelry and various articles used for disguising purposes.

Will Change Its Location.

The Lafflin & Land Powder company has bought a tract of land containing more than 500 acres near Pleasant Prairie, and will remove its great plant at Platteville, Ia., to Kenosha. This company is the greatest manufacturer of explosives in the United States, and supplies a great deal of powder used by the government. The company has eight factories.

Starved Herself.

Mrs. W. V. Woodworth, aged 60, widow of a hotelkeeper of early days, who has been living alone for years, was found a few days ago unconscious in her home in Beaver Dam amid conditions of filth and squalor. She had been without food for days. She is wealthy, but eccentric.

The News Condensed.

The first prisoners for the new state reformatory in Green Bay, have arrived. There were eight, and they were under the charge of officers from the state prison at Waupun.

The First Bank of Antigo, has been discontinued and the First National Bank of Antigo, organized in its stead, with a capital of \$50,000.

Insurance Commissioner Fricke made public the statement of the receipts of his department from January 1 to September 1, showing that they were \$237,120.

Judge Bennett granted a divorce in Janesville to Jennie E. Caldwell from Louis W. Caldwell. They were married four months ago.

A six-year-old son of Frank Pagel died in Monroe without any symptom of illness. The child swallowed a piece of iron, and the presence of the particle in the stomach is supposed to have caused death.

Eugene F. Shaw, aged 51, of Chicago, dropped dead in front of the government building in Ia. Mr. Shaw, with his wife, went there last July for the benefit of his health.

Guy Smith, 17 years old, employed at Plover, fell from the back of a runaway horse and his feet caught in the harness and he was dragged head down, for 600 feet and killed.

Edward Colman, of Moline, Ill., died while attending services at Grace Episcopal church in Sheboygan. He went to church with his wife in his usual good health.

Rev. Hamilton Hull, aged 77, Baptist minister residing at Milton Junction, died in Milton while in attendance at the general conference. He was the last of a quartette of brothers, all of whom were clergymen.

The annual reunion of companies B and L, Twenty-second Wisconsin volunteer infantry, took place at the residence of L. S. Mosley, near Beloit.

At the band tournament in Clintonville the local band received first place, Bear Creek, second; Keshena Indian, third. The prize is \$100.

At the biennial meeting of the supreme lodge of the Knights of Pythias at Indianapolis Ogden H. Fethers, of Janesville, was elected vice chancellor, which means he will be elected supreme chancellor two years hence.

The Wisconsin & Michigan railway will extend its line north from Fairthorpe Junction to Vulcan, eight miles, this fall.

Upon receipt of a telegram Alma Swartz, a trained nurse at Baraboo, departed for Georgia to care for the sick soldiers.

Accidentally Poisoned.

Warrensburg, Mo., Sept. 9.—Dr. E. J. Scruggs, of Mountserrat, Mo., accidentally poisoned himself by taking acetone instead of quinine. He was the leading physician of the community and was a brother-in-law of State Geologist John A. Gallagher.

Gold Reserve Increased.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 7.—The net gold reserve in the treasury showed another large increase Tuesday, due presumably to the payments for the new war bonds. The reserve is \$223,332,537, an increase of nearly \$3,000,000 since Saturday.

## THE NEW NORTH.

W. C. OGDEN, Editor.

Republican State Ticket:  
For Governor—  
EDWARD SCOFIELD, of Oconto.  
For Lieutenant Governor—  
JESSE STONE, of Watertown.  
For Secretary of State—  
WILLIAM H. FROELICH, of Jackson.  
For State Treasurer—  
J. O. DAVIDSON, of Soldiers Grove.  
For Attorney General—  
E. R. HICKS, of Oshkosh.  
For State of Public Instruction—  
L. D. HARVEY, of Milwaukee.  
For Railroad Commissioner—  
GRAHAM L. RICE, of West Superior.  
For Insurance Commissioner—  
EXIL GILJOHANN, of Milwaukee.

For Representative in Congress—  
ALEXANDER STEWART, of Waukesha.  
For Member of Assembly—  
J. E. FAIR, of Phillips.

Republican County Ticket:  
For Sheriff—  
PRESCOTT CALKINS.  
For Clerk—  
CHARLES WOODCOCK.  
For Treasurer—  
KALI KRUEGER.  
For Register of Deeds—  
CHARLES ZOKKEN.  
For District Attorney—  
SAM WALKER.  
For Clerk of the Court—  
E. C. STURDEVANT.  
For County Supervisor—  
F. J. MAXWELL.  
For Supervisor—  
D. H. VAUGHN.  
For Supervisor—  
CHAS. DECAUTER.

An Englishman sitting in the gallery of the House of Representatives recently said that he could not understand why the democrats were always wanting to cut down appropriations proposed for the equipment and maintenance of the army. His friend to whom he addressed his inquiry answered him by saying that the democratic party for more than a hundred years had been running after the cheap products of the world—cheap goods, cheap labor, cheap men, cheap money, hence they wanted a cheap army, a cheap victory. The republican party is the opposite of all this. They have no place in their system for either cheap men, cheap products or cheap systems. Experience has taught the republicans of the United States that in order to get a good article a good price must be paid. Therefore they believe in sustaining the American workman, and the American factory, because the train and intelligence of the American produce the best material or manufactured product in the world, and it also produces the best men and the best women. The mission of the republican party is not cheap buying, but the having of the best of everything possible.

It has been a democratic war for more than fifty years, whenever the party has been placed in power, that their first purpose is to reduce appropriations for public expenditures. The democrats, having control of the lower house of Congress for fourteen years out of the eighteen, beginning with the 44th Congress, made an attempt to reduce appropriations without any regard to the effect. Suppose that in all these fourteen years the democrats had made liberal appropriations for the United States Navy, for coast and harbor defence, for the arming and equipping of the militia and the increase of the regular army, how much humiliation would have been spared the United States the last three months, when it was discovered how helpless we were as an armed nation ready and equipped for war. Thanks to the republican party, who, in the 44th, 51st, and 54th Congresses, having made liberal appropriations for the enlargement of our navy, a saving clause was found, otherwise Spain would have had an easy victory at the onset with that splendid fleet of ships with which she menaced our shores. With the republican party in control of the appropriations, we may expect that in the near future that the national defense and national honor shall not suffer for want of appropriations necessary to place the nation on a war footing commensurate with all the demands of the present.

Everybody deplores the large number of deaths from disease of our brave boys in the army, but very few people take the trouble to inquire into the real reason therefor. All armies in the field suffer much greater loss from disease than from casualties. During our civil war the armies of the United States, lost from disease 199,720 men, in Confederate prisons 21,256 and about 15,000 more whose cause of death is not stated. Assuming we had under arms on the average, one million men during the whole four years of the war, and not counting any deaths from disease but the first mentioned 199,720, the death rate for that army for four years was twenty-per cent. For one year it was five per cent, and for three months one and one fourth per cent.

Our army in this war has numbered more than 250,000 men and it has been in the field, in Cuba, Porto Rico, and camps in this country, more than three months. The number of deaths is given as about 1300, but as some people claim it is not less than 1500, we will base our calculation on that figure and find that the death rate in our army in the present war for three months is three fifths of one per cent. Now, this is scarcely one-half of the death rate for the civil war and this should furnish food for thought.

Furthermore, during the first two years of the civil war the death rate was much greater, especially during the campaign on the peninsula of Virginia, where a number of regiments lost almost ten percent from disease. And still, the climate of Virginia, even on the peninsula, is healthful compared with that of the West Indies.

### War is Terrible.

The history of the war of the rebellion furnishes some very interesting data which will be read at the present time by way of comparison with the reports now being circulated as touching the losses of our troops in the war in the West Indies. The following

Indiana regiments, the 140th, and from the 142d to the 155, inclusive, and the 165th, have a history worthy of mention in this connection. Two of these regiments were mustered in November 1864, eleven of them in February, 1865, and three in March and April, 1865, so that these sixteen regiments were in actual service about four months. One of them, mustered in February three months before the end of the war, lost ten per cent. of membership by disease; while one that was mustered in November lost more than eleven per cent. by disease.

What regiment in the army of invasion in Cuba can show any such record of mortality as the above referred to? Let those who would justify their complaints cite some regiment whose rolls and history can be referred to as furnishing grounds for justification for the complaints lately made.

### The Oneida County Fair.

While the weather today is not very favorable for the exercises at the fair grounds the balance of this week there will doubtless be a good attendance. The bicycle races advertised for this afternoon will probably be declared off owing to the condition of the track.

Tomorrow being children's day there should be a good sized crowd, all children under fifteen being admitted free. The race events to come off are the 300 pace, 245 trot, purse \$20.00; 225 pace, 224 trot, purse \$20.00.

Saturday at 10 a. m. the first football game of the season takes place, the Barron Scandinavian eleven having been secured at great expense. This team is one of the best in the western part of the state. It is made up of hardy players, muscular and active, with a thorough knowledge of the "tricks" which often turn the tide in a close game. Our home boys are in good shape to meet the Barron players and although the line-up is necessarily somewhat changed the new men are well seasoned, and under Capt. Walker's tutelage, have well mastered the plan of action for 'em. The races in the afternoon will be very interesting. A purse of \$100.00 is offered in the free-for-all trot and pace and the 240 pace and 225 trot for \$20.00 will be well worth seeing.

There are several features this year on the ground principal among them being Bozo, the snake-eater. Those who see Bozo at work are obliged to rub their eyes and pinch themselves. It is a sight beyond belief to see this creature perform.

It is hoped that all will attend the fair that can, as the association is put to a large expense and it was expected this year that enough would be cleared to free the incumbrance on property within the grounds.

### An Art Display.

There will be an exhibition of fine paintings, both in oil and water colors, in the First National Bank block on Davenport street next week. The paintings are done by Mrs. Taber, an artist of note and great ability. Mrs. Taber has traveled extensively both in Europe and the U. S. She has had students in several of our large cities and has for the past two years been in San Francisco, Cal. The pictures will be on exhibition Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 22, 23 and 24. Admission 10 cents. The following notice of her work appears in a Michigan paper:

Mrs. P. Clements Taber has an exhibition at Hanna & Noyes, an interesting collection of pictures, most of which were painted by her in Paris where she studied under Bouguereau. An especially interesting head is that

## Oneida Co. Fair Sept. 15, 16, 17.

of an Italian woman which is remarkably well drawn and which comprises an admirable scheme of coloring. The head is strong and well worthy of careful inspection, and in the expression Mrs. Taber has shown herself a conscientious artist. A copy of Cabanel's famous Venus is extremely well executed, the palating of the flesh being especially good. The figure rising from the sea is superb, and the chorus hovering around it are well painted. Other works comprise portraits, landscapes, water colors, fruits and flowers. A marine in a high tilt is admirable. It is apparent that Mrs. Taber is a versatile artist who appreciates many of the resources of modern art. She has certainly studied to great advantage in Paris. The exhibition will continue during the present week.

The exhibition is for the benefit of St. Augustine's Guild.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Yapp came down from Coate yesterday to visit their friends and take in the Fair.

Next Sunday at 10 a. m. this year's class of Catechumens will be confirmed at the Swedish Lutheran church by Rev. C. A. Rosander. Communion services will be held in the afternoon at 3:30.

You invite disappointment when you experiment. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are pleasant, easy, thorough little pills. They cure constipation and sick headache just as surely as you take them. J. J. Reardon.

WANTED—At the Darrow Villa, chore boy; wages \$2000 per month and board. Apply at once to R. L. Darrow, Minocqua, Wis.

## Attend

## Oneida

## County

## Fair

## Don't Miss It.

## SALE OF FORFEITED STATE LANDS.

### STATE OF WISCONSIN,

Office of Commissioners of the Public Lands.

Madison, Wis., Sept. 1, 1894.

NOTICE is hereby given that all the School, University, Agricultural College, Fortified, Mortarized, and State Land in the State of Wisconsin, which have been forfeited by reason of the non-payment of interest for the year 1893, will be offered for sale at public auction, at the Capitol in Madison, on the 21st day of December, A. D. 1894, unless sooner redeemed according to law, and sale will be commenced at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue from day to day until all said lands shall have been offered. Said lands will be offered in pairs, and all pairs will be sold together.

Among these are the following described lands in Oconto County, which will be offered in pairs, and the price named opposite each tract, under the heading "Total amount due State," which includes the principal due at the time of forfeiture, the interest on the same to January 1, 1893, and three per cent. damages, the cost of advertising, and all taxes which have been returned against the land and remain unpaid. Said lands will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes assessed against the same, not included herein. The percentage payable at the time of purchase will be fixed by the Commissioners of the Public Lands.

HENRY C. COSSAN, Secretary of State.

SEWELL A. PETERSON, State Treasurer.

W. H. MYERS, Attorney General.

Commissioners of the Public Lands.

Advertisement of Forfeited School Lands in Oneida County.

NAME	Dir.	No. of Acres	Per Acre	Total Value	Am't due State	Am't due Per Cent.	Total Value	Am't due State	Am't due Per Cent.	Total Value
E. L. Taylor	NE. 1/4 SE. 1/4	102.22	12.25	\$1250.50	\$720.00	2.16	12.00	\$5.00	1.60	\$5.00
do	SE. 1/4 SE. 1/4	102.22	12.25	\$1250.50	\$720.00	2.16	12.00	\$5.00	1.60	\$5.00
do	SW. 1/4 SE. 1/4	102.22	12.25	\$1250.50	\$720.00	2.16	12.00	\$5.00	1.60	\$5.00
do	SW. 1/4 SE. 1/4	102.22	12.25	\$1250.50	\$720.00	2.16	12.00	\$5.00	1.60	\$5.00



A thrilling scene in the "Heart of Chicago" play which will be presented at the opera house Saturday evening.

## A Critical Time.

### During the Battle of Santiago.

## SICK OR WELL, A RUSH NIGHT AND DAY.

The Packers at the battle of Santiago de Cuba were all heroes. Their heroic efforts in getting ammunition and rations to the front saved the day.

P. E. Butler, of pack-train No. 5, writing from Santiago de Cuba, on July 23, says: "We all had diarrhoea in more or less violent form, and when we landed we had no time to see a doctor, for it was a case of rush night and day to keep the troops supplied with ammunition and rations, but thanks to Chamberlain's tonic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, were able to keep at work and keep our health; in fact, I sincerely believe that at one critical time this medicine was the indirect saviour of our army, for if the packers had been unable to work there would have been no way of getting supplies to the front. There were no roads that a wagon train could use. My comrade and myself had the good fortune to lay in a supply of this medicine for our pack-train before we left Tampa, and I know in four cases it absolutely saved life."

The above letter was written to the manufacturers of this medicine, the Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

### For Sale.

A farm of forty-five acres, known as the Germaine farm, within one mile of the city limits. Fifteen acres cleared, of which ten acres are seeded; the rest timber. Line and division fences, two houses, one of eight rooms, the other of three, barn, well, etc. Also span of horses, wagon, plow, sleigh and other implements. For prices and terms inquire of S. H. Alban.

### SL-11

Pine and Farm Lands.

Parties desiring to purchase Pine and Farm Lands in Oneida, Lincoln and Langlade counties, for low prices and easy terms, address

VAN HORN & SMITH,

Merrill, Wis.

Agents for Wisconsin River Land Co., a \$15.00

Excursion Tickets to Milwaukee Industrial Exposition, to be held September 10 to October 15,

Via the North-Western Line, will be sold at reduced rates. For rates, dates of sale, limits, etc., apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Ry.

### For Sale.

Hemlock and Tamarack lumber, dressed or rough.

STEVENS LUMBER CO.

## If You Live In Rhinelander.



it is not necessary to tell you that . . .

## REARDON'S DRUG STORE

—IS THE BEST PLACE TO BUY—

## Drugs, Wall Paper, Stationery

For Every Man, Woman And Child In The City Knows That. But If You Live In

Monico, Pennington, North Crandon, Crandon, Woodboro, McNaughton, Tomahawk Lake, Pelican Lake, Woodruff, Arbor Vitae, Minocqua or Lac du Flambeau. THEN

Send me your drug orders. I will send, carefully packed, on first train, any article you may want. I will cheerfully mail samples of Wall Paper to any address. Send me the size of your rooms and I will forward estimates.

J. J. REARDON, "Druggist,"

RHINELANDER, WIS.

## Hutchinson & Innes,

## Practical Plumbing, Steam Fitting, Gas Lighting, Heating

Sewer and Water Pipe at reasonable prices

## Outside Orders given Prompt Attention. Correspondence Solicited.

Office in Cover Block,

Stevens Street.

State Fair at Milwaukee.

# BLARK & LENNON - Builder's and Lumbermen's Hardware.

LOCAL TIME TABLES.  
Chicago & Northwestern R'y  
NORTH BOUND  
No. 11-Daily 3:00 a. m. Daily  
No. 17-Ashland Mail and Express 12:15 p. m.  
SOUTH BOUND  
No. 1-Daily 11:30 a. m. Daily  
No. 2-Ashland Mail and Express 1:30 p. m.  
H. C. BREWER, AGT.

Minneapolis, St. Paul & St. Louis R'y

EAST BOUND  
Atlantic Limited 1:30 a. m. Daily  
Accommodation 2:30 p. m. Daily, Sat.

WEST BOUND  
Pacific Limited 2:30 a. m. Daily  
Accommodation 6:30 a. m. Daily, Sat.

St. Paul trains arrive and depart from C. M. & St. P. Depot in Milwaukee and St. Paul, dep't. St. Paul, 12:15 p. m. Sat.

Lines connecting for Tomahawk, La Crosse, Duluth, Marquette, Monona, Wausau, Stevens Point, Madison, Chicago and beyond and all points on Wisconsin Central R'y.

A. E. HORNOR.

Postmaster Parker attended the races at Antigo Tuesday.

Mrs. N. Turner returned Sunday morning from a visit of a week in Chicago.

Monday morning a train composed of two engines and fifty cars passed through here over the "Soo" road.

Mrs. S. E. Masters, of Ashland, was in the city for a brief stay Tuesday. She returned to Ashland in the evening.

Fred Moses was in the city Saturday, looking after the shipping of his household goods to Antigo, where he will reside.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Swedish Lutheran church meets Friday this week at the home of Mrs. F. O. Carlson.

Miss Mamie Higgins entertained a number of her young friends at a card party last Friday evening at her home.

Mrs. J. J. Reardon and children arrived home from Big Rapids, Mich., last week, where they had been visiting Mrs. Reardon's parents for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cain were called to Mr. Cain's home in Indiana last week by a telegram giving notice of the serious illness of the latter's father.

Edwin L. Parker, the monologue artist, will entertain our people Wednesday evening, Sept. 21, at the opera house. Tickets now on sale at Ashton's 5 cents, children 15 cents.

When you call for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve the great pile cure, don't accept anything else. Don't be talked into accepting a substitute, for piles, for sores, for burns.

J. J. REARDON.

Miss Corn Treadwell has returned from below and will receive this week a full line of late styles in fall and winter millinery which she will offer for sale at the old stand in the Cover block on Stevens street at very low rates.

Mrs. Mary B. Copp, of the State Land office at Madison, was in the city Sunday on her way to Star Lake. She was accompanied on the trip by E. S. Shepard who will assist her in locating a tract of pine land in that vicinity.

Truth wears well. People have learned that DeWitt's Little Early Risers are reliable little pills for regulating the bowels, curing constipation and sick headache. They don't gripe.

J. J. REARDON.

Miss Ella Beers arrived home from Chicago this morning, where she had been buying her fall stock of millinery. A small portion of her new goods will arrive by express today, and will be on display in the exhibition building at the Fair the remainder of the week.

In the notice given the Rhinelander Liederkranz last week we stated that it was a new lodge but President Leisman informs us that the order is a singing society not a lodge and that permanent quarters have been secured in the office of the Singer Sewing Machine Co., on King street.

Rudolph Otto, the State Line lumberman, died suddenly of paralysis at the above place Monday night. He was engaged in inspecting a lot of lumber in one of his yards and suddenly dropped dead. His sudden demise was entirely unexpected and is a most severe blow to his two children, Miss Mary and son Louis as well as to his many friends who deplore his sudden taking away.

"The Gay Matinee Girl" at the opera house Saturday night was well attended by an appreciative audience. The only vacant seats in the house were those that commanded the 75 cent rate, and that the Rhinelander theatre patrons do not take kindly to that admission fee was most apparent. There were but thirty-two seats disposed of at this figure out of eighty-eight on sale.

Any Color Mixed Free of Charge when White Lead is Purchased Here.

Opp. P. O. C. C. BRONSON & CO.

Gypsine, 40c pkg.

PAINTS . . .

Of every description, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Enamels Etc.

Any Color Mixed Free of Charge when White Lead is Purchased Here.

JEWELL'S PAINT STORE.

EDGAR T. WEELETT, Proprietor.

1105

# THE STORY TELLER

## THE GOLD OF SILENCE. AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

MORE harm has been wrought in this world by the gold of silence than by the silver of speech. Especially is this true of matters of the heart.

Farland came to realize it in the end; but as he left the commanding officer and walked in his deliberate steps across the hoproom to where Miss Cameron stood he was priding himself upon his ability to hold his tongue, and with a wretched sort of singularity, forcing himself to hold it for seven hours longer.

Miss Cameron was talking to the regimental quartermaster, and when she caught sight of Farland she grew radiant. The regimental quartermaster observed this, and was, of course, annoyed. He went away and left her with the Lieutenant.

It is the fate of a woman to be forever smiling. Few men have learned to distinguish that eternal smile. Those who have have observed the subtlest tragedies of life.

Farland was not of them. He was too distinctly manly to understand women. He was, therefore, strengthened in his resolve to keep silence when Miss Cameron's expression in no wise changed as he told her that she must excuse him for the next dance.

"I have just seen the colonel, and he has been pleased to inform me that I must leave at reveille."

"For what portion of the globe?" She gazed over his shoulder in apparent absorption in something at the other side of the room. If Farland had been a student of the sex he would have known that this was overacting. It was one of the many of Miss Cameron's charms that she unusually fixed her entire attention upon the person at hand.

"Where are you going?" she repeated.

"To join Blake's command. After that, wherever the will of Heaven and the craft of the Apache may lead me."

For just one instant her expression changed. But Farland was not acute.

"Upon a scout, then?" she asked.

"Upon a scout yes. And as I have to leave before reveille, and, as it is now 11 o'clock, there is no time to be lost."

Miss Cameron was smiling again.

"You will not sleep much to-night. Things must be serious."

"They are," he told her.

"You must not let me keep you," she said.

Farland was far too well trained to allow his anger and unhappiness to appear in more than an exaggerated unconcern. He took her extended hand.

"Shall you be here when I return?" he asked. His resolution was near to breaking. If her tawny eyes had grown ever so little soft, he would have flung his golden wealth of silence to the winds. But her pride was mighty, and it was aroused.

"My visit comes to an end this week," she said.

"We shall probably meet again," he ventured.

She shrugged her shoulders negligently.

"Probably. One can never be sure that one has seen the last of anybody, in the army." And then she added: "Good-bye."

And Farland went out, morally and bodily, into the night. His was the code of honor—which considers not the woman—that holds that if a man may not ask a woman to marry him then and there, neither may he tell her of his love. He thought he was doing right, and he was not one to call at fate. A little tempest of temptation had ruffled the deep waters of his conscience for a time. But they were calm again. He remembered with resentment the haughty poised head, and the placid smile, and the last glimpse he had caught of her through the hoproom window—a yellow-gowned figure swaying to the music in full enjoyment of life.

Well, she would have gone back to Bayard by the time of his return, and one could never be sure one would not forget—after years. He went into the barracks and gave his orders.

When the bray mouths of the bugles pealed their reveille welcome to the sun, as it rose above the mountains, far across the prairie, Farland and his command were trotting toward Mount Graham, and Miss Cameron, still in the yellow gown, stood at her window with her hands clasped before her, and watched the line of the receding column.

Farland stopped at Bayard two months later. The scout was over, and he was taking his command back to Fort Grant. They were to strike the railroad at Silver City, nine miles away, upon the following day.

He meant to see Miss Cameron. There was no longer a reason for silence. He waited with impatience while the commandant arranged for the disposition of the men. Then he walked with him across the parade. The primroses of the evening were open in a great, pale flowerbursting out here and there in the grass, until, even as he went, all the ground was starred with them, and the children from the officers' line and the barracks' row were running, laughing, and screaming, and calling out, to gather the handfuls of fragile bloom that would be withered before tattoo.

Upon occasions of necessity the commandant's long, dark coat could suffice itself; but there was no such coat

now, and Maj. Cameron represented Farland's taste.

"Easy, Farland," he protested, "slow up. What is your hurry? You will not get dinner before retreat, anyway." Little the Lieutenant recked of dinner. But he obliged himself to walk more reasonably. Maj. Cameron talked of the scout and its outcome. Farland tried to listen and to answer. In his joyful anticipation he forgot that he was a sorry-looking sight to go a-wooing, that his face was burned, and his nose peeling, and his hair half cut, and his clothes ragged and dusty. Self-consciousness was not one of his faults. The major broke off suddenly in the midst of a tirade against Indian agents, those pet aversions of the line.

"I suppose you are about worn out," he said.

"No," said Farland; "not in the least. Why?"

"You appear not to be able to keep your mind upon anything. You have no notion of what I said last."

"You said 'Mesecalor' last."

"But you have no idea whatever what I said about the Mesecalores."

"I am afraid that's so," Farland admitted.

"And over there at the corral you answered three questions that I hadn't asked."

Farland apologized civilly. But he had seen, through the window, Miss Cameron standing with clasped hands and head thrown back, before the open fire. It was a favorite pose with her, and it recalled so much. The major might as well have addressed his concluding remarks to the flagstaff.

They went into the hall, and the commandant opened the door. "There is Clara," he said; "I believe you know each other. I will go and get Mrs. Cameron." He went away and closed the door again.

Farland was not demonstrative. But neither was he one to delay in carrying out a resolve. He took the hand that the girl held out to him, and then went to the fireplace, and rested his arm upon the mantel and looked at her speculatively.

"I am going to be very rash," he said, "and very precipitate."

She smiled incredulously. "How unlike you!" she said.

"Perhaps; but it is not unlike me to go straight to the point, I think."

She vouchsafed no encouragement.

This gallant soldier, who now holds the rank of brigadier general in the regular service, entered the army at the beginning of the Civil War as a private in the regular cavalry. His bravery secured him rapid promotion, and a Lieutenant colonelcy in the regular army for "gallant and meritorious services during the war." His rise is one of the most striking examples of the true democracy of the American army. He enjoys quite a reputation as an Indian fighter, and as an able administrator of military affairs.

went to the window of the room in which they were holding their discussion and saw the evening star shining brightly in the heavens, surrounded by the glint of the setting sun, while still higher the sky was blue, striped with white clouds.

The revolutionary flag of Puerto Rico is of the same proportions and design as the Cuban flag, only the colors are changed. Where the Cuban flag is red the Puerto Rican flag is blue, and where the Cuban flag is blue the Puerto Rican flag is red. It is singular to notice that in almost every country of which liberty is the watchword and guiding idea the flag is composed of the three colors—red, white and blue.

Oldest Liquor in the World.

The "gold water" of Danzig, Prussia, probably is the oldest liquor in the world, and the estate upon which it is made, known as Der Lach, is now celebrating its three hundredth anniversary. The books of the makers

### FLAG OF THE CUBAN PEOPLE

It Was First Carried by Narciso Lopez in 1820-31—Versions as to Its Meaning.

The Cuban flag was first carried by Narciso Lopez about 1820-1831, when he invaded Cuba and lost his life. There are quite a number of versions as to the meaning of this flag; one is that the red equilateral triangle stands for equality; the white star represents Cuba, which would gain her independence through a sea of blood, and the three blue stripes for the three departments into which they intended to divide the island—eastern Cuba, central Cuba and western Cuba.

There is another version, that once about 1850 or 1851 a group of Cuban exiles were talking of the new flag that should be adopted, and trying to get a suitable design, when one of them

### SPAIN'S GLOOMY FUTURE

Pessimistic Opinions of a Well-informed Native of That Country.

Opposed to those who believe or hope that Spain will emerge from her troubles with a more stable government a writer in the *Fortnightly*, who signs himself "A Spaniard," who evidently knows his country well, draws a gloomy picture of what will happen after peace. The burden of taxation will be frightful. The public debt, swollen by the expenses of war, will foot up to more than \$2,600,000,000, the annual interest charge on which will amount to \$186,000,000. Yet the entire national revenue in prosperous years has not been more than \$159,000,000. Repudiation or bankruptcy lies clearly in these figures. Then there will follow the destruction of those

### FUNNY THING IN SPELLING.

Learning to Manipulate a Typewriter Gets a Man into a Queer Habit.

A Cleveland man has set about learning the use of the typewriter. Up to the present time he has had somebody to do his typing for him, but now he wants to know how to run it all by himself. He admits that he is not an apt scholar. It comes slowly. The letters are hard to find and the spacing is so easily forgotten. But there is one thing that annoys him. He is learning to spell and learning in the same way he did when a tow-headed boy in the early '60s. Of course he could spell when he tackled the typewriter, but not in the same way. Now he distinctly enumerates each letter, and does it, too, with the greatest care. It is a funny thing, but he finds himself spelling out the words in the newspaper when he is in his sleep.

The other day the minister met him and asked him how he was.

"Very well," he gravely spelled out, and when the pastor looked amazed he realized what he had done and hastily explained the cause of the peculiarity. And the minister professed to be greatly interested, and wanted to know all about it and the speller is now greatly worried for fear the parson will write a special paper on it for some magazine.

When the minister finally left him he shook hands and said "Goodby."

"Good-bye," began the speller and then reflected himself and hastily added "By."

He hopes in time to wear out this peculiarity, and when he increases his speed on the typewriter he no doubt will. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### UNTRANSLATABLE.

The American Phrase, "Get There," Is Difficult for Foreigners to Translate.

"What gives me most trouble," said a foreign military attaché, "is trying to translate your American language into English first, and then into my own language, so as to give my government a correct understanding of the spirit and character of your soldiers. I find the phrase 'get there,' for example, difficult. When I saw your infantry going forward against the opposing troops in the forts and intrenchments, I said to the officer with me that the infantry should not attempt such a movement without the artillery. 'You're right,' he told me, 'but the boys will get there.' At night, when we were all so hungry, I ventured to inquire if a further movement were contemplated till your army was prostrated. Then the officers who were gentlemanly, all laughed, and said the army would think about rations when they 'got there.' The second day we met many of our wounded men coming back as we were going forward. When the colonel asked them about the fighting, so many times I heard them say 'We got there.' And afterwards I also heard these words used very often. But it is so difficult for me to explain so my own people will understand, what nature of tactics is 'get there.' "—Boston Transcript.

Only for Music.

"Have you a soul for music?" she asked as she turned from the piano.

"For music, yes," he replied, and then he hastily changed the subject and neglected to ask her to sing again.

But she knew. You can't always feel a girl, even if she does think she has a voice.

Chicago Post.

The Best Reason.

Little Clarence (who reads and ponders)—

Pa: You have just been reading a paragraph which says there are various reasons why a man who talks in his sleep should not marry; what are some of those reasons, pa?

Mr. Callipers: The best reason, my son, is because he talks in his sleep.—Puck.

Equal to It.

Briggs: How well and strong you are looking.

Briggs: Yes. I've almost made up my mind to go away on a vacation.—Chicago Evening News.

Surprising Achievement.

"What is luck, Uncle Jim?"

"Luck? Well, it is when a boy turns out to be as smart as his grandmother said he was."—Detroit Free Press.

Liberty is sometimes misconstrued to mean the right of some to take away the rights of others.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

—1 have some 24 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief, such as enemas, castor oil, etc. I began using CASCARETS, and now have from one to three movements a day, and if I wash, even if I would, I would use \$100.00 for each motion; it is much more comfortable.

—100 Russell St. Detroit, Mich.

### HE WAS NOT GLADSTONE.

Which Was Just Why She Did Not Care to Listen to His Gentle Flow.

"No," remarked the early morning man in the car down from Mount Pleasant; "no, I can't say that I have a wife trained as perfectly as I could wish to have her trained, or that she shall be so fortunate as ever to have her, but there is a good deal of pleasure in trying to. It at least gives her an idea that she is not perfect, and as long as a man can keep his wife in that state of mind it is almost as much of a comfort as it is to have her just as he wants her to be."

"Gee-hooping!" exclaimed a little man with a pale blue eye and a fugly manner, "I wish I could only get my wife to our way of thinking."

"Did you ever try?" inquired the early morning man.

"Did I?" chuckled the little man, with a profound internal convulsion not entirely clear to the understanding of his auditors.

"I should say I did. It has been half an hour ago. I had something to say to my wife on the lines you suggest, and was endeavoring to get an opening for my remarks, but she was talking to such an extent that I had to show at all. Finally, quite driven to desperation, but not wishing to do anything violent, I merely gave her a hint of the situation by telling her that when Mr. Gladstone talked his wife always listened in silence. And did she take it at all?"

"Did she?" inquired the early morning man, with much interest.

"Did she?" chuckled the little man.

"Well, says she to me, 'I don't doubt it at all, but think who it was that Mrs. Gladstone was listening to,' and then she wrote right ahead with her conversation as if I hadn't been within ten miles."—Washington Star.

### Swallowed a Needle and Died.

A tailor in Chicago accidentally swallowed a needle and died as a result of the indigestion set up by the small needle. Little things have frequently great power.

It is seen in a few small doses of the famous Hotteterre's Stomach Bitters, which, however, has an entirely different effect from the needle in this instance. The Bitters make nervous, weak and sickly persons strong and well again. They are also good for dyspepsia and constipation.

### Delicate Post.

He would not say that she painted powdered and all that. He was too much of a gentleman for that.

"Still, I may as well confess," he said, "that she impressed me as one who thinks the can improve upon the Lord's handiwork."—Chicago Post.

An actress is often indebted to the florist for the flowers she gets over the footlights.

—Chicago Daily News.

Lots of men don't know enough to stop barking when they strike oil.—Chicago Daily News.

## Scrofula

Taints the blood of millions, and sooner or later may break out in hip disease, running sores or some more complicated form. To cure scrofula or prevent it, thoroughly purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has a continually growing record of wonderful cures.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1.00 for \$3.00.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness,

## CONSTIPATION

—I have some 24 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief, such as enemas, castor oil, etc. I began using CASCARETS, and now have from one to three movements a day, and if I wash, even if I would, I would use \$100.00 for each motion; it is

## A Grim Wager.

BY CECIL HAYTER

"SPESHUL! speh-shul! 'Orrible murder in the Dalton road!" And then again another voice, pitched in a higher key, took up the cry on the farther side of the street—"SPESHUL! speh-shul!"—and the rest was lost in inchoateness as the sound of the voices, mingled and intertwined, gradually faded away in the distance.

"What a loathsome noise that is!" said Peel, with shudder. "There is something positively ghoulish about it."

"It always gives me the creeps, especially at night. It suggests all sorts of horrible, morbid ideas," joined in Lelange, who was perched on the model throne, smoking innumerable cigarettes.

Korno, the owner of the studio, said nothing, but smiled in rather a superior way. He was a person of somewhat unusual taste—his pictures betrayed him in that.

We were rather a cosmopolitan lot gathered in the big studio that night. Lelange was a merry, light-hearted little Frenchman, clever to the tips of his restless fingers, but quite incapable of serious work. Peel and myself were English—pains-taking, not wholly unsuccessful, but without all Lelange's versatility. Ferguson was Scotch—serious and argumentative, and Korno—the owner of the studio—was a Pole by birth, though much of his life had been lived in Paris and London.

He was two or three years older than the rest of us. As far as his art was concerned he was brilliant, original and startlingly unpleasant. For himself, he had a fine head—the head of a dreamer. Usually a reticent man, he would at rare intervals dash out into a fiery, animated flood of talk, accompanied by wild gesticulation.

Only one other person was in the studio—Dora Smith, our model—a pretty, nervous little person, at the present moment toasting her toes at the big stove and enjoying a cigarette during her well-earned rest.

"Well, there's only one good thing about murder," said Ferguson—"it will out! And that, as a rule, ends in hanging."

"Nonsense, my dear chap!" said Korno. "It's only the clumsy idiots who are found out. Anyone who isn't a fool could kill as many people as he pleased, and never be even suspected—it you grant him an average amount of luck."

Lelange began drumming a sort of "dance Macabre" on the model throne with his heels, and struck a tragic attitude which made Dora laugh.

"I wish you wouldn't all be so horribly gloomy," she said. "I believe this great big barn of a studio is haunted. Do, for goodness' sake, talk about something cheerful!"

"It's not gloomy at all; it's most interesting," persisted Korno. "I don't mind owning that the possibilities of undiscovered crime have a great fascination for me."

"The possibilities of an undiscovered skilling in my trousers pocket would be more attractive to me personally," said Peel, ruefully surveying his worldly possessions. "Archie"—turning to me—"we shall have to pad the hoof-to-hoof. 'Can't afford an omnibus."

"I am willing to bet," Korno continued, without noticing the interruption. "I am willing to bet that I could commit a murder without a possibility of detection." He was getting into one of his excitable moods and gesticulating freely.

"Rubish," said I, laughing. "Any one can talk like that. But, in the first place, it's absurd; and in the second, I don't suppose for a minute that you'd be such an abject fool as to try."

Korno himself snorted at that, for by nature he is one of the mildest creatures imaginable.

"No, no. I don't mean to say that I want to harm anyone in particular for the mere satisfaction of going to a parcel of inmates that I am talking common sense; but still I maintain I could do so."

"Well, you prove it to me, and I'll take your bet," said I, jeering.

"Will you?" he asked.

"Of course I will," I replied. "Frank, we'll have a dinner on the strength of this."

"Done with you, then," said Korno. "I'll let you die pounds to a shilling. I sold a couple of sketches to-day."

"That's all very well," put in Ferguson, slowly, "but short of actually murdering the man, and then confessing to us—in which case we should inevitably turn you off to the nearest police station—how are you going to give us proof of your ability?"

Korno thought for a moment.

"Look here," he said, speaking quickly, "supposing I manage to spirit a man away and cause him to vanish for a week—ten days, if you like—without any inquiries that may be made enabling anyone to connect me with the matter; and supposing that I obtain a written confession from that man, acknowledging that it was in my power to kill him, if it so pleased me, will that satisfy you?"

"It's hardly a fair test," grumbled Ferguson. "Still I suppose you can't manage better—short of actually committing a crime."

"You'll have the defect to pay when you let him go," suggested Lelange.

"I shall make his release conditional on no further steps being taken," answered Korno. "Come, are you satisfied?"

After a little more discussion the terms were agreed to, and Ferguson was appointed to hold the stakes. The

meeting broke up and Peel and I started out on our weary way to Wandsworth.

### II.

For the next three days we saw nothing of Korno or the others, as we were both hard at work at the art school. On Saturday, however, my weekly allowance having arrived, I made up my mind to go down to the country for a few days and make some studies. Peel couldn't come, as Dora was sitting to him on Monday. So, while he started off to the art school as usual in the morning, I sauntered out to rest in a sketchbook. On my way back I met Korno. I had almost forgotten all about the wager, and, having at four or so to spare, I walked back with him to his studio. He was in a conversational mood, and kept chattering on about some wonderful masterpiece he was starting on.

When we got to the studio—a great big barrack of a place, which had once been used by a sculptor, and stood on a little isolated plot of ground back from the road—he produced some whisky and glasses, bade me help myself, rolled a cigarette, and started work. It was a very hot day, and I had been working late at black-and-white work the night before. I leaned back drowsily in a rickety old chair and watched him rapidly sketching in his picture on a large canvas. I lit my pipe, and took a long pull at my whisky and water. After that I suppose I went to sleep (I found out afterward that the whisky had been doctored). Anyhow, the next thing I remember is waking up with a horrible shooting pain running through all my limbs. It was pitch dark. I tried to move and stretch myself. I couldn't budge an inch in any direction. I was securely bound hand and foot. In an instant the truth dashed upon me: Korno had heard of my intended jaunt to the country, had lain in wait for me, and deliberately lured me to the studio. What he had done then beyond strutting me, or where I was, I had not the faintest idea. I was at the same time immensely relieved and distinctly annoyed—relieved to remember that it was only a joke, annoyed to think of the simple way in which I had been taken in.

Hours passed, and the pain of ropes cutting into me was intolerable. I began to get furiously angry—Korno was carrying the thing too far. I shouted and yelled till I was hoarse, and stamped my bound feet against the wall, to which I had rolled in my struggles. The air was close and stifling, and there was a foetid, earthy smell about it. I began to lose my nerve. I tried to count, to reckon the time—anything to distract my attention; but to no purpose. At last, utterly worn out and exhausted, I lost consciousness again.

The next thing I remembered was a faint glimmer of light and Korno bending over me. He was laughing silently, and his eyes glittered weirdly in the uncertain light. I focused him faintly in no measured terms, but as he only continued to chuckle to himself in that hateful, silent manner, I got more and more alarmed. I snatched him to undo the ropes, I promised to sign my paper he liked, and to confess that he had won his bet, but not a word would be answer. He merely bent down, and, holding the light nearer to me, gloated over my helpless condition.

### III.

His face was all distorted by the dancing shadows, and his eyes gleamed in a perfectly detestable manner. Suddenly the awful, horrible truth dawned upon me. He had gone mad!

His mind, always of a morbid turn, had been unable to withstand the fascinations of putting his theories into practice. The lust of secret crime had got hold of him, and the man was to attempt and purpse a fatal fanaticism.

As soon as I recognized this my last vestige of self-control left me. I babbled at him incomprehensibly, I begged. I prayed, I laughed at him, but all in vain. After standing looking at me in silence for a short time, and evincing a keen delight in my mental agony, he turned and left me without a word. Hunger and thirst soon added to my tortures. Then the earthy smell of the place, and the abominable blackness and silence, must have made me delirious. I remember nothing more distinctly—save one thing, too horrible almost to mention. In one of my more lucid intervals I became aware of Korno sitting at a little sketching easel, a light beside him, calmly and rapidly making sketches of my distorted features, muttering and laughing to himself the while.

It was only after weeks of delirium that I came to myself and found Dora sitting beside me in my own attic in Wandsworth, and it was from her that I learned the manner of my escape.

My absence, it appears, was not noticed for the first three days, and I was supposed to be in the country. Then I got alarmed, and he and the others held a consultation. Two more days passed, and at last Korno's suspicions were aroused by a strangeness in Korno's manner—something furtive, but at the same time triumphant. A chance oversetting of a portfolio confirmed their suspicions, as among the sketches were those of me lying bound in the darkness.

A search was organized, and at last I was found behind a whole pile of lumber and studio refuse in an old cellar under the building in which the sculptor, the original tenant, used to keep his store of modeling clay.

Poor Korno became dangerously violent on his return, for he had been absent when the search was made. He was taken to an infirmary, and thence to an asylum. The doctors say that it is only temporary insanity; but then they never have seen his eyes gleaming through the darkness, and as I sometimes fancy I see them still.

"You'll have the defect to pay when you let him go," suggested Lelange.

"I shall make his release conditional

## FUNGET PARAGRAPHS.

Ada—"Why does Alice speak of Tom as her intended? Are they engaged?" Beatrice—"No; she intends they shall be!"—Tit-Tits.

Watchers That Run Down.—"What are the 'silent watchers of the night,' ma?" "Well, mine is one of them; it always stops before morning."—N. Y. World.

"They say that the boys in camp are occupying cramped quarters." "Yes; they are between a peach orchard and a watermelon patch."—N. Y. World.

Looking Forward.—The Dope—"If this is an American cigar how can it be a Havana filler?" The Dealer—"Oh, Americans will soon be Havana fillers."—N. Y. Journal.

Adage Faulty.—Miss Dimple—"I suppose I am foolish. But then you cannot put an old head on young shoulders." Old Trotter (eagerly)—"I've got one you can."—N. Y. World.

Observer—"Do you think that you can ever learn to ride a wheel?" Beginner—"Indeed I do. After the difficulties I have surmounted in getting one I feel competent to accomplish anything."—Somerville Journal.

Lord de Liverus—"When I tell you that I look upon your daughter as a pearl beyond price—" Mr. Bondstock (deprecatingly)—"Oh, come now! Aren't you putting it a little strong?" Lord de Liverus—"Well, beyond my price, at any rate."—Town Topics.

A Patriot—"I suppose when you get in sight of England, you'll hail her white cliffs with rapture." "No," replied the American with the double chin, "I didn't hail her cliffs, but I called a few of them cliffs before I left for home."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Appropriate.—Pugilist (in restaurant)—"Bring me a piece of pie." Waiter—"Yes, sir. Large cut or small cut?" Pugilist (absent-mindedly)—"Make it an uppercut."—N. Y. Journal.

## THE LIFE OF A MODERN GUN.

Now a Cannon Ceases to Be Trustworthy, and What is the Principal Cause.

"The life of a gun is one of the most unsatisfactory things about it," remarked an ordinance officer in discussing the war question, "and though a number of experiments have been made in connection therewith, there is no absolute certainty as to results. A general rule has been arrived at which is thought to be on the safe side of the matter, and that is that the modern steel guns should not be fired more than 100 times. After that it matters not what the emergency may be, it is safer to dismantle the gun and send it back to the shop than to risk firing it, for the explosion of a gun is a decidedly dangerous occurrence to all in its immediate locality.

"The firing of a gun causes the steel to crystallize, and thereby become brittle as a file. So far as has yet been discovered, there is no remedy for it. It is not exactly a total loss after a gun is dead, for the steel can be used for thousands of things in the way of bolts, braces and the like for new work and for repairs. As is generally known, a modern gun is an expensive affair, running from \$75,000 way up. It is equally expensive to keep it in operation, the cost for each cartridge sent from it being over \$1,000, which does not include the putting of the gun on its emplacement or taking it down, nor the thousands of dollars necessarily expended in paying salaries and subsistence of the officers and men who operate it.

"This crystallization of the metal is one of the mysteries of the science of ordnance. The gun could be revisited to some extent by heating it to a white heat, and allowing it to cool off slowly, but the treatment is not exactly satisfactory or even approximately certain as to results. It has been said of us, as of other nations, that if we kept every gun we own in actual firing operation for even 24 hours the powder and shell will bankrupt us, and there is some truth in this. This crystallization of the metal is not confined to the guns, however."—American Manufacturer.

The Fighting Seventy-First.

Out in Salt Lake City, where a paper speaks

of the "fighting Seventy-first," one is in

doubt whether the item refers to the regi-

ment now in Santos or some man's latest

matrimonial venture.—Yonkers Statesman.

When a worthless man isn't staring at the clock he is gazing at the thermometer.—Athlon Globe.

## SYRUP OF FIGS.

The Efficient German.

All that education in its various forms—primary, technical, and even physical—can do for the German workman is being done for him. Weak industries receive bounties. Lines of steamers are heavily subsidized to carry German exports to all parts of the world.

The state railways are authorized to make special rates for the over-sea trade. German diplomatic agents abroad exercise pressure in favor of German merchants. German commercial houses are planted in every important foreign port, and even where they represent foreign firms they keep a benevolent eye upon the produce of their own country. In the conduct of private undertakings money is not grudged either for practical experiment or for research. Manufacturers submit to sacrifices in order to force an entry into foreign markets, and recoup themselves with the aid of protective duties at home. The whole commercial policy of the country is directed toward the encouragement and extension of foreign trade. Such assistance and encouragement, given to a population as laborious and well endowed as the German people, have produced the results which we are beginning to see. Germans are ubiquitous. They have gained a footing in almost every market.—Nineteenth Century.

The Stars and Stripes Forever.

Maj. Patton, of the quartermaster's department, has expressed a bundle of 100 American flags to Gen. Miles in payment of an urgent request from the general, who intends to decorate all Puerto Rican towns captured by our troops with the national colors.

## WOMAN'S HEROISM.

From the Register-Gazette, Rockford, Ill.

During the civil war nearly as much heroism was shown by the women of our nation as by the brave soldiers. Many a woman, weeping for her dead son, bound up the wounds of his suffering comrades, rejoicing in their renewed strength, even while sorrowing for the one who was gone. At that time was laid the foundation for the world-famed organization known as the Woman's Relief Corps, whose aid to the soldier of today, fighting against the world for a living, is less notable than the heroism of the '60s.

One of the most esteemed members of the corps at Byron, Ill., is Mrs. Housewife, but illness once put a stop to her active work. A year or so ago, when she was nearing fifty years of age, the time when women must be most careful of their strength, Mrs. Housewife was taken seriously ill. The family physician told her that she had reached a critical period of her life, and must be very careful. His prescriptions and treatment did not benefit her, and other treatment proved unsatisfactory.

At last Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to her notice, with indisputable evidence that they were helpful in cases such as hers, and with renewed hope she tried the remedy. Last March she took the first box of the pills, which gave much relief. She was determined to be cured, and kept on with the medicine, until now eight boxes have been consumed, and she is a new woman.

Mrs. Housewife said: "I have taken eight boxes, and have been improving since the first dose. I do not believe I could have lived without the pills. They have done me more good than any physician or any medicine I have ever tried."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose 16's) at 50 cents a box or \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

## THOSE CHARITY PARTIES.

The Head of the House Had His Say and Then Paid for His Fun.

The two fair daughters of the household were discussing the entertainment they proposed giving for the benefit of a little work of charity in which they were interested, and as a matter of course, the old gentleman had to have his say.

"It's an infernal nuisance," he declared. "The house will be in a commotion for a week, nothing will be thought of but your party, and everything will be disarranged. That night we will all be awake till well toward morning, and the next day, those who are not sick will go about snarling and barking. I call it nothing but tamfessor."

"Papa," said the eldest, "don't you understand that we are going to help some of the poor and that every cent we make will provide them with some comfort?" What you should do is to encourage us."

"Don't talk silly. It's a good deal you girls care about the charitable nature of this social combination you're in. It's the boys and girls and cards and dancing you want."

"Very well. We'll try to do our duty, even if you do make it hard. We, at least, have some sympathy for the afflicted."

"Oh, you have?" Sweetly disinterested, aren't you? How much did you take in at the last bazaar?"

"Just \$12.50," proudly.

"Well, I'll give you just \$20.50 for the cause if you'll not inflict your coworkers on us. Now, how's your charity?"

"Mamma, I wish to the land you'd come down here. Papa's acting perfectly awful," and she hopped out of the room while he laughed sardonically.—Detroit Free Press.

## New Mother-in-Law Story.

A Cleveland man who went east to spend his vacation brought home with him what he thinks is a new mother-in-law story. Mother-in-law stories are a dime on the market, but this one seems to be a little less druggy than usual. A man and his wife went to Europe and the man's mother-in-law went along. Up to this point there is no novelty in the story. On the voyage the mother-in-law fell ill and died. Of course she had to be buried at sea, and so the usual canvas sack was made, but instead of an iron weight to sink the body they used a big bag of coal. In commenting on the arrangements afterward, the bereaved son-in-law, who started bad, said: "I

# DAY'S RECRUIT

BY  
CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.  
AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER;  
"FROM THE RANKS," ETC.  
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J.B. LIPPINCOTT CO.

At Bute, where they arrived late at night, while the major was bustling about after the ambulance and baggage wagons, Mrs. Mainwaring, sitting at an open window and gazing out at the lighting lights on the platform and awaiting the summons to leave the car, was suddenly attracted by the sight of a little detachment of recruits marching by. The young lady, too, was at a near window, and the sergeant, catching a glimpse of her face, remembered the conversation he had heard at Pawnee and her prompt defense of the absent, and he had felt ill at ease and shame stricken ever since. What right had he to brand a man as a criminal on the mere suspicion of some railway employee? The young lady's spirited stand in defense of the deserted had astonished the major and delighted Kearney. A sudden thought struck the honest trooper as he was marching by, and springing quickly to the side of the car, he held up to the window the handsome silver topped flask. "I beg pardon," said he, "but this belongs to that young gentleman. I was to have given it to him, but I've got to return to St. Louis to the recruiting depot, and he's stopped back there about Pawnee. He never came on this train at all, but he declared he was coming up to Fort Ransom later. Would you please give it to him, miss?"

And before she knew what to say the sergeant was gone, and thru the sat with the stranger's flask in her gloved



And what on earth was she to do with that handsome flask?

hand—the stranger whom she could have sworn she saw at Bonn and Cologne not four months before—who thought it might have been his brother, who wouldn't give his name, but who had forgotten the handkerchief with which he had stanched the flow of blood from her temple—an insightfully relic at the moment, to be sure, but safely stowed in her little satchel for all that, and already searched and not vainly for a trace of ownership. Bathed in her own blood were the letters D. H. G.

And what on earth was she to do with that handsome flask and that once more presentable handkerchief? It was a problem that confronted Miss Leroy two weeks later, after she had begun to feel reasonably at home at Ransom. It was the queerest phase of life that ever she had encountered. City bred, content educated, she found frontier ways at an army post so full of novelty and sensation as her first explorations in foreign parts. For two or three days they had lived at the hotel in Bute until the major reported the carpets down and the stores up. The next two or three were devoted to unpacking furniture, pictures, glass and crockery and putting everything where it belonged and much where it didn't. It seemed to make little difference, for in all these functions, at all hours of the day and not a few of the night, the young officers, in shirt sleeves and the best of spirits, bore willing part. Such gay good humor, such utter lack of stiffness and conventionalities, she had never seen. All drills and duties, it seemed, except the necessary guard, police and tables, were suspended until officers and men were comfortably housed and settled down. The bachelor lieutenants pitched tents on the parade and placidly awaited their turn to choose quarters, a ceremony which impressed Miss Leroy as something incomprehensible. It was not easy to make her realize just why Captain Ray couldn't move Mrs. Ray and the baby up from the hotel until Captain Freeman had chosen and why Mrs. Blake should remain at Cheyenne near her own old home until the Truscotts and Rays had settled on what houses they would take. They wanted the big double brick next but one to the colonel, but were afraid to move in lest the new sergeant ordered out from Omaha should take a fancy to that very sit. It was all plain sailing, as she could see, for the colonel, the two majors and the two senior captains, but then came the tag of war. The Gregg had moved into No. 5 confident the doctor would prefer the other side of the partition, the very house the Truscott and Rays thought to occupy together, but the doctor came now and decided that the house he and Mrs. Doctor wanted was No. 5 and no other, whereat Mrs. Gregg was furious and the captain philosophic. "I told you so, Mr. Ray," he was unfeeling enough to say a dozen times a day

until she flew to the Stannards for sympathy.

It seemed to Miss Leroy that whether these families got settled or not the feds never would be, and yet in less than ten days even the young married couples were snugly stowed away. Smiles and sunshine met her on every side. The men, who looked like hairy monsters at first, had shaved their beards and donned their neatly fitting uniforms. The band played every afternoon. Parades were fine, guard mounting "lovely." The little dinners and suppers and dances were just as jolly, friendly and delightful as could possibly be. Many of the young matrons were charming companions. Several of the young officers danced divinely, all of them rode well, and none of them thought anything of coming tangling at the nail door at any hour of the day to ask Mrs. Mainwaring to come and see that. The ladies ran in and out from house to house as though it were one big family, and before the 10th of November came Miss Leroy found herself completely carried away by the life and swing and movement that seemed to characterize everything that went on in the old regiment. She was on the pleasantest of terms with Messrs. Ray, Truscott and Blake. She found her aunt tireless as a hostess. She admired the colonel and his accomplished wife. She "took" to Mrs. Stannard from the start and wondered why Mrs. Mainwaring didn't enthuse over her as everybody else did. She liked Uncle Old Stannard and most of the officers thoroughly, and so, blithe, busy, "on the go," as they said, from morn till late at night she had well nigh ceased to think of the shock she had sustained on the night of the collision or to speculate about the tall young gentleman who had restored her to consciousness and to whom she had not restored the handkerchief and flask, when the 10th of November came, and with it her birthday, a new sensation and an excitement at the fort.

The recruits brought to Ransom by Lieutenant Rawson were for distribution to those troops of the regiment most in need of new blood, and, as luck would have it, these were all of the battalion at Fort Fred Wintrop, an outlying post close to the now crowded reservation of the Sioux. Thither had Atherton ordered Rawson without delay of a day, partly because recruits were needed, but mainly because the lieutenant showed symptoms of an oncoming attack of a fitful character, and Atherton would have none of that in his garrison. Rawson was ordered northward forthwith and marched with his Johnny Haws at dawn next day, and, except for the voice of one crying in the wilderness that the party had looted the grocery of Laramie Petes at the Dry Fork of the Snake, nothing more was heard of them till they joined at Wintrop, none the worse for their wintry march. Ray had looked over the array and decided that he could afford to wait and pick for himself. Sergeant Kearney had gone back to the recruiting depot. The regimental adjutant had been designated as recruiting officer at the station and had disdainfully rejected one after another half a dozen scedy looking tramps, when one day, perhaps the fifth after their arrival at the post, the sergeant major put his scedy head into the office, followed it in, carefully shut the door behind him, stood scuriously at attention and hemmed behind his hand to attract his superior's notice.

Mr. Dana looked up from the tangled mass of figures at the foot of his regimental return, laid down his pen and said, "Well?"

"Will the adjutant see a man that wants to enlist?"

"Not if he's like the lot that have been here so far."

"He isn't, sir, but I don't know about him."

"What's the matter? I haven't time to waste if he isn't good enough to suit us." And Dana glanced out along the wooden porch as though in search of the would-be trooper.

"He's good enough, I don't doubt, sir," said the sergeant major, a half smile breaking about the corners of his mouth, "as far as looks go, but I never knew fellows like this one to enlist that didn't have something wrong with 'em, and he says he wants to take on with Captain Ray."

"He'll take on where we see fit to put him," said Dana, with the dogmatism of the service. "Let's see the gentleman who wants to dictate where he'll go."

So the sergeant major opened the door, jerked his head backward in encouragement to the invisible party in the outer office and said, "Come in!" There stepped quickly into the room a young man about 6 feet tall, erect and athletic in build and carriage with a fine, clear cut, frank face, crowned with a crop of curly, close cut, light brown hair, with very deep blue eyes, large and clear, under heavy brows and thick, long, curling lashes, a easily blood mustache sweeping out at the ends and barely hiding the curve of his handsomely chiseled lips, chin and jaws cleanly shaved, throat powerful, open and bare, for the ruling collar of a brand new blue flannel shirt was confined only by a loosely knotted tie of silk. The coat he wore was a sort of double breasted pea jacket of dark blue leather, now thrown open in deference to the warmth

of the room, but the first significant if not suspicious thing the young man did as he entered was to begin buttoning it throughout. Sluggish fitting trousers of dark blue, belted at the waist, stout, slender, well made shoes and a soft black crush hat completed his attire. As Dana looked at him in some surprise the newcomer brought his heels together, and between him and the foremost noncommissioned officer in the—the expert eye could hardly have told which was the more soldierly in build and carriage.

For a moment no one spoke. It was Dana who finally broke silence.

"Why—you've served before?"

"Only in a militia regiment, sir."

"Where?"

"In New York city."

The adjutant had a dozen more questions on the tip of his tongue, and the visitor saw it.

"I have answered that, sir, because I presume I have to account for standing attention, but there are many questions that may occur to you that I do not wish to answer. If I may speak with Captain Ray, I think I can satisfy him without going into particulars."

Dana whipped his wooden chair around and squarely confronted the speaker. That he was a man of education and social position in the past, at least, Dana saw at a glance, and just as quickly did the companion thought flash across his mind, "Another case of the prodigal son." Incredulity as to the motives of a man in enlisting in those

days was not confined to the rank and file.

"Captain Ray may or may not be satisfied, but in either event, as recruiting officer of the regiment, I have to," said the young officer, with a touch of asperity in his tone. It was not good to his ears to be told that a would-be recruit declined to answer questions.

The newcomer, far from looking disconcerted, smiled affably and frankly. His blue eyes twinkled, his white teeth gleamed. "The last looking scamp you that ever came to us. Confound his impudence for grinning," said Dana to himself.

"That is why I wish to speak with Captain Ray, sir," said the civilian. "He might be able to satisfy you when I, probably, could not."

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"Possibly Captain Ray will explain it," was the answer, and the serenity of the applicant remained unruffled.

"Oh, very well," said Dana, nettled in spite of his better nature. "Go see Captain Ray if you wish."

But even as he spoke the hall door opened and in burst Major Mainwaring. There is no other way of describing the major's method of entering a room. It has been said that he was blunt both in speech and in action. A soldier for years of his life, no amount of domestic polish had ever succeeded in smoothing off the rough edges of the camp. Mainwaring prided himself on being direct in everything he said and did. Men and women who knew him well knew there was a mine of genuine kindness and goodness under the rugged surface. Men and women who heard him speak for the first time declared him brute.

"What you got here?" blurted Mainwaring, glaring at the sergeant major and his silent companion.

"Man wants to enlist, sir," was the reply.

Now, Mainwaring was not the recruiting officer of the regiment. He was nowise responsible for their selection. He had been but a few months a member of the regiment himself, having, as has been explained, been promoted to it from another when Major Barry became lieutenant colonel, but it was a peculiarity of Mainwaring's that he considered it his inalienable right to have a say in everything going on, and it wasn't so much what he said as how he said it that made it obnoxious. He scowled at the very presentable newcomer as though words were inadequate to express his disapprobation, then gruffly demanded:

"Where you from?"

A flush went up to the forehead of the young man, and there was an instant's hesitation, then in a very quiet tone he replied, "The east."

Major Mainwaring was studying him sharply, a suspicious light in his black eyes. "Haven't I seen you before?" he presently asked, the words tumbling all over one another's heels.

"Not cut here, certainly," was the tempered reply, though the blue eyes were firing tip and looking square into the kinkling black.

"Do you mean to tell me you haven't been in service before?" The major's precipitate style of questioning left barely time for answer.

But the civilian took his time and chose his words. "I do not mean to tell you—anything, sir."

For a moment Mainwaring simply glared as though he could not realize the full significance of the words.

"What in thunder do you mean by that?" he finally growled.

"Just what I have said, sir," was the reply. "Five minutes ago I wished to enlist in this regiment; now I don't. Good day to you, gentlemen." And, to the speechless amaze of the sergeant major, the suppressed delight of Dana and the profound astonishment of Mainwaring, he calmly walked past the two officers, replacing his hat as he did so, and stalked deliberately into the hallway and out of the front door.

"Well, if all the chip on the shoulder specimens I ever saw," loudly laughed Mainwaring, "that fellow beats the lot. What do you suppose fired him off? I hasn't begun to say anything to him. The man's a dash dashed double dashed him, and I know it. I've seen him somewhere before, and he knows it, and he's afraid to show up again and took the first excuse to get off. That man's a dash dashed deserter or a horse thief or something. He knows me and didn't know of my promotion to this regiment or my being here. You are well rid of him, Dana. He'll never

show up at Ransom again."

But he did, for just two days later Captain Ray came clattering into the office with enlistment papers in his hand. "Dana, old boy, I've got a tip-top man to be sworn in. This way, please, Hunter." And there at the doorway stood the applicant of two days before.

Dana glanced over the papers. "Arthur Hunter, born New York, by occupation a clerk, do hereby acknowledge to have voluntarily enlisted this sixth day of November, 1898, as a soldier in the army of the United States, etc., and do solemnly swear that I am 25 years and 7 months of age, etc., and I, Arthur Hunter, do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, etc."

Then Dana locked up at the dark eyes and curling black mustache and animated face of one of the crack captains in the regiment and from him to the silent, blue eyed and, as before, thoroughly presentable stranger, and there was embarrassment in the adjutant's face. For a moment he hesitated, then turned to the world to recruit.

"Will you step outside a moment? I have to speak with Captain Ray."

He was instantly obeyed.

"I beg your pardon, captain," said Dana, "but I have to ask a question or two. Major Mainwaring is sure he has seen this man before and that he is a deserter or something disreputable despite his good looks. He refused to answer for himself two days ago."

"Yes, I know," answered Ray smilingly. "We all know how scarce and enticing the major is apt to be to strangers. It's a wonder some wild westers hasn't put a bullet through him. I've heard all about that interview."

"And—you're willing to take chances? You're satisfied this man's all right?"

"All right as men go, Dana. We can't expect all the 'virtues and temperance' besides for \$13 a month," as Malligan said in the Mexican war. But this applicant satisfied me that he means to serve, that he loves a horse and can ride like a Kentuckian. I'll bet he can fight, and it's more of our business who he is, where he hails from or why he enlisted so long as he does his duty. Now I'm willing to take him."

And that settled it. Recruit Arthur Hunter was formally accepted as a member of the sorrel troop, took his first lesson with the cayenne and brush without a word, and, "without turning a hair," his initiation on Bachelor, the meanest brute in the stable, and rode him bareback to water despite furious plunges and wild howls of defiance.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a half argument with the applicant, which Dana very well knew was infra dig.

"I don't know how you make that out," said Dana, curiosity betraying him into a